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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE late Parliament closed its career by doing justice—strict, but not unmixed with mercy—upon an eminent offender. Neither conspicuous abilities, nor great services to the cause of law-reform, nor the unflinching support of his colleagues have availed to save Lord Westbury from the doom which public opinion had already pronounced before the formal verdict was delivered by the House of Commons. Even those who approved most fully of his lordship's public career felt that it was undesirable that one who, through weakness or negligence, had brought discredit upon the high office which he held, should continue to keep the Great Seal of England. According to the statement which Lord Westbury made in the House of Lords on Wednesday afternoon, no one felt this more strongly than himself. Had he been permitted to adopt his own course, he would have resigned some months ago, and have met as a private individual the accusations which were directed against him. We are quite willing to admit that his readiness to take this step—amply vouched for as it is by his late colleagues—frees him from the imputation of any unworthy clinging to office. At the same time we think that on general grounds Lord Palmerston was right in insisting that he should meet as a Minister the charges which were made against him as a Minister. It is, no doubt, sad that the highest judicial office in the realm should be even for a moment lowered in public estimation by the formal censure of the man who holds it. But it would have been far more mischievous that a scandal, such as Lord Westbury's acts have created, should have been hushed up by a precipitate resignation which might have removed the strongest stimulus to that searching inquiry which has taken place. Due satisfaction has now been made to the offended sense of public morality. We have no wish to press hardly upon a man whose faults have been visited with an appropriate punishment. We expressed our opinion, freely and frankly, upon Lord Westbury's conduct, when the matter was still *sub judice*; but now that the proper and competent tribunal has passed sentence, we purposely refrain from doing more than express our entire concurrence in the resolution which the House of Commons adopted on Monday evening. It seems to us that they were right in rejecting the resolution of Mr. Hunt, because it implied, without distinctly alleging, the existence of a corruption which had not been proved; and that they were also right in repudiating the amendment of the Lord Advocate, which would have ignored an offence that had been amply substantiated. The motion of Mr. Bouverie defined with scrupulous exactness the grave fault of which the late Lord Chancellor had been guilty; and no one can deny that it was a fault which merited parlia-

mentary reprehension. To a man of any spirit only one course was open after such a censure; and no one thought so meanly of Lord Westbury as to doubt for a single moment that he would do what became him under the circumstances. For the fault which he committed he has now made full and ample atonement; and as such we think his resignation ought to be accepted by the public. Although censured, he is not disgraced. He may—and we hope that he will—continue to bear a distinguished part in the deliberations of the House of Lords, and contribute powerfully to the success of the cause which he has genuinely at heart. In the graceful and dignified speech to which we have already alluded, he promised that he would as a private peer continue the services, which, as Attorney-General and as Lord Chancellor, he has rendered to law reform. In that case, we feel certain that the country will easily forget the past, and will show no ungenerous indisposition to renew a confidence which for the present it has been obliged to withdraw.

The subject of the British captives in Abyssinia has been discussed in both Houses of Parliament. The Opposition was naturally well disposed, on the eve of a general election, to make the most of the fact that Lord Palmerston cannot everywhere and at all times protect the *civis Romanus*. Stung by the incessant attacks to which they have been subjected, the Government have done at last what they should have done at first. They have told us the whole truth about Mr. Consul Cameron and his doings; and have thus dissipated a good deal of the sympathy which his fate had excited. According both to Mr. Layard and Earl Russell he has brought that fate on himself. He was sent out as a consul; he insisted on being a diplomatist. He was told to look after commerce at Massowar; he must needs proceed to negotiate treaties at Gondar. He knew that the English Government wanted to have as little as possible to do with King Theodore; he tried to entangle them in the most embarrassing relations with that barbarous potentate. There can be very little doubt that in this way he excited hopes which he could not, and which Her Majesty's ministers were not disposed to, realize. The exact cause of his incarceration we do not yet know, but it seems in the highest degree probable that Dr. Beke is right in supposing that it has nothing to do with the delay of the Foreign Secretary to answer the king's absurd letter. Be that however as it may, we think the Government are perfectly right in declining to expose the members of a European mission to the caprice of a semi-savage sovereign, on the chances of thereby rescuing an agent who has got himself into trouble by violating his instructions. It is quite as likely that Theodore would seize those whom we might send out, as that he would release the consul whom he has got in



prison. If he did, our position would be far more painful and humiliating than it is at present.

Austria and Prussia are still bickering over the Slesvig-Holstein question. The correspondence between them assumes more and more the quality which is diplomatically called "unpleasant." In plainer language, the discordance between their views is becoming more and more irreconcilable. Austria is willing to do almost anything but hand over the Duchies to Prussia, as is evident from the fact that she has offered to make the following concessions:— 1. Prussia to have Kiel as a naval station. 2. The Duchies, which must have an independent sovereign, to join the Zollverein. 3. Rendsburgh to have a federal fortress with a Prussian garrison, if the Berlin Government will renounce its right to have a certain number of troops at Rastatt. 4. Prussia to have the right to conclude a military convention with the ruler of Slesvig-Holstein. One would think that terms such as these might satisfy even M. von Bismarck; for there can be no doubt that they would make the cabinet of Berlin supreme in Slesvig-Holstein, whoever might be the nominal ruler. But it is understood that they have been scornfully rejected, and that the Prussian premier has also refused to take any measures for diminishing the number of his troops who are quartered on the unfortunate population of the Duchies. In vain has the Cabinet of Vienna sought to obtain for the Slesvig-Holsteiners liberty to express by public demonstrations their wishes as to their future sovereign. Von Bismarck will permit nothing of the kind; he has evidently made up his mind on the point, and naturally enough he does not like to be contradicted. Accordingly, the Prussian Commissioner has been ordered at once to proclaim martial law if there should be any demonstration in favour of the Duke of Augustenburg. Austria has remonstrated; but as she has considerably fewer troops than Prussia in the Duchies, her remonstrances are not likely to have much effect. The incident would indeed scarcely be worth noticing, except as another illustration of the high-handed way in which Prussia is proceeding in her policy of aggression and self-aggrandisement.

As we anticipated last week the downfall of the late Austrian ministry was caused by the determination of the Emperor to come to terms with his Hungarian subjects. It seems that Herr von Schmerling and the Archduke Regnier opposed the visit of Francis Joseph to Pesth. They probably foresaw to what it would lead. On his return from the Magyar capital his Majesty announced that he intended to terminate the present provisional state of things in Hungary, and to attempt to come to an understanding with the legal representatives of the Hungarian nation. His Ministers, who were committed to the policy of suppressing the independent nationalities, or consolidating them into one indissoluble Austrian empire, remonstrated in vain. Francis Joseph informed them that he meant to take the matter into his own hands, and deal directly with the Diet. Of course the ministers had no alternative but to resign. They did so, and the Emperor has summoned to his councils statesmen who are supposed to be favourable to the Magyar claims. It is far too early as yet to speculate on the amount of success which is likely to attend their efforts. There are great, but we think not insuperable difficulties in the way of a reconciliation between Hungary and Austria. We trust that they may be surmounted; for the interests of the people of both countries will then be materially served, and for the sake of Europe it is more than ever desirable that the weight of a strong South German State should be felt in the balance of power.

The French Government has received a serious *avertissement* in the return of an opposition, or, at any rate, an independent deputy for the department of the Puy-de-Dôme. Auvergne has hitherto been conspicuous for its loyalty to the Emperor, and for the superstitious devotion of its inhabitants to the Napoleonic worship. The election of M. Girod-Pousol, in spite of the utmost efforts of the Prefect, who did not hesitate to denounce him as the enemy of the Emperor, indicates in the strongest manner the growing impatience of France under the despotism of the present régime. We do not believe that it shows any hostility to the dynasty; for the successful candidate has never been connected either with the Republican or Orleanist parties. It is a simple protest, of which his Majesty would do well to take note, against a system of repression and restraint which is as needless for the protection of his throne as it is offensive and insulting to the nation.

The extent to which the Confederate States of North America were exhausted by the late civil war is shown in the most striking manner by some items in the news brought by the last mail. General Wilson reports that upwards of 30,000 of the inhabitants of ten counties round Atlanta must starve unless fed by Government. General Thomas is said to have already distributed 5,000 bushels of corn to families in the northern part of the same State; while in the vicinity of Columbia, South Carolina, 10,000 persons are absolutely dependent upon the Government for subsistence. It is only right that attention should be prominently called to facts such as these, because they tend directly to dispel the impression that the Southerners failed at last in firmness, pertinacity, and self-devotion. They prove that their means of resistance were in truth worn out, and that peace had become an absolute necessity. They will at the same time add materially to the difficulties with which the Government of President Johnson has to contend. Those difficulties appear to increase rather than to diminish; and it seems to be now acknowledged on all hands that the reconstruction of the Union is a work that can only be accomplished through the establishment of military rule for an indefinite period in the conquered States. Indeed we cannot help thinking that such a rule is desirable in the interests of the vanquished. Soldiers may be tyrants, but they are not mean or petty tyrants; nor are they given to throwing society into confusion for the purpose of carrying out philanthropic schemes for its reformation. If the negro problem be solved at all, it will be by governments who will not shrink from keeping sternly before the black the necessity of working. Turning from the domestic to the foreign politics of the United States, we are sorry to observe the unfriendly tone of the dispatch in which Mr. Seward acknowledges our withdrawal of belligerent rights to the Confederate States. To a similar communication from the Government of France the secretary replies in the most gracious and even sentimental manner. But because we did not at once permit Federal ships of war to capture Confederate cruisers almost within our ports; because we intimated that we should recognise the sale of such vessels; and because Earl Russell ventured to say that on these points there was an understanding between England and France—our vessels are refused the usual courtesies in the ports of the United States, and we ourselves are treated once more to a scolding, if not scathing exposure of our misconduct since the commencement of the civil war. We commend this dispatch to the perusal of those who anticipated that our expression of feeling on the death of Mr. Lincoln would effect a complete change in the disposition of the North towards England.

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

It cannot be said that the Royal words which have closed the session and the Parliament are full of sound and fury, but they nevertheless signify nothing. The most remarkable peculiarity in this final address is perhaps its entire omission of any reference to the cause which called Parliament together. It is not so far back as to be beyond the memory of man that the Parliament of 1859 was elected expressly to decide whether Lord Derby's Reform Bill was sufficient, or whether Lord Palmerston should be placed in power to carry a more extensive measure. The result of the election was to affirm the proposition that reform of the representation should be real, and Lord Palmerston took office on the pledge to give effect to the will of the country. We need scarcely recall how he fulfilled the task. Not till April, 1860, was the new measure brought in, and in June it was dropped. Earl Russell's reasons for the sacrifice read like a mockery of the principle of government by majorities.

Not less than 250 members, he three times pathetically declared, had voted in favour of the measure being delayed, and therefore it was impossible to force it through the House. This eminent instance of the obstructive power of a minority ought surely to satisfy Mr. Mill and his friends that the representation of minorities is very well provided for in the practical working of Parliament. But the Reform thus extinguished has never been relumed, and it would seem is now so obsolete a question in the opinion of a Whig Ministry that it deserves no mention in the Royal annals of Parliament. It was undoubtedly a delicate subject to touch, and any allusion to its history must have been painful to the feelings of those by whom the Royal Speech was written.



But the plot is after all rather meagre, with the part of Hamlet thus left out. Her Majesty, with her accustomed kindness of feeling, would doubtless have rejoiced at being able to recall a long list of useful measures which resulted from the "zeal and public spirit" which she compliments the late Parliament on exhibiting during the six years of its existence. But she could only vaguely refer to "many good measures which have greatly conduced to the diminution of the public burdens, to the encouragement of industry, to the increase of the wealth, and to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of her Majesty's people." This undoubtedly is not her Majesty's collocation, if it be her enumeration. The welfare and happiness of her people do not rise last in her mind; nor if it be urged that it is a ministerial climax, is it possible to allow that the increase of wealth is a nobler result than the encouragement of industry. It must indeed be confessed that the efforts of Parliament are in this exposition of a singularly realistic character. The country has enjoyed material prosperity, everybody has had enough to eat, with some exceptions who have died of starvation; merchants and manufacturers have made immense fortunes, and only cotton-spinners have gone to the workhouse: therefore Parliament is congratulated on its zeal and public spirit.

It is, however, apparent that, but for Mr. Gladstone and his Budgets, there would have been no Parliamentary measures to which these results could have been credited at all. Whoever looks back over the history of these six years sees no more than the mere ordinary legislation of every session, save in the one point of the financial measures of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it ought also to be remembered that these gain their apparent importance chiefly from the dead level of mediocrity amid which they stand. They inaugurated no new policy. They only carried out the policy which Mr. Cobden advocated and Sir Robert Peel adopted. Some of their more striking and fruitful results were gained by the accident of the Emperor of the French being desirous to establish Free Trade under favourable conditions. The rest resulted from the "elasticity of revenue" which every year, after the two first, provided a surplus even when taxes were remitted. We do not in the least detract from Mr. Gladstone's merits when we thus reduce the effect of his measures to their true limits, and point out that their credit was more his predecessor's than his own. By the brilliancy of his oratory and the soundness of his judgment he was able to carry to legitimate conclusions a policy already accepted, and to persuade the House of Commons that it was doing something wonderful, and indeed perilous, when it was only sitting at the receipt of custom that would flow in whatever it did or failed to do.

But in whatever other cases the principle of doing nothing with much fuss and pomp has proved a success, it must be admitted that in regard to foreign policy it has proved an unhappy failure. The Parliament which now expires is distinguished by its adoption of what is called the "non-intervention" doctrine. It is true that for this Ministers are responsible, but in a solemn debate the two Houses took the responsibility upon themselves. Nor, indeed, had their previous conduct been distinguishable from that of Government. Both Parliament and the Foreign Office concurred, by despatches and by cheers, in promising support to an ally when in extremity. Both agreed in renouncing their pledges when the moment for their fulfilment arrived. Of course, abundance of excuses were made. It was urged that the promises had not been specified, and that our ally had been unreasonable. But the fact remained that both Parliament and Government had meant to do something which they afterwards shrank from doing; and to excuse themselves, they laid down principles to which it is impossible the country should adhere. They declared that we would never again express an opinion on foreign affairs, that we might never again be charged with belying our professions. But it is clear that we cannot thus divest ourselves of interest and duty in the affairs of our neighbours; and it is, we must hope, reserved for a new Parliament to sanction the necessary limitations of the principle. If Mr. Mill should find a place in it, he will be able to guide its deliberations to the adoption of that clear and sound doctrine which he has eloquently advocated, that non-intervention ought to be our rule, but that we are bound to prevent intervention by other States as well as to abstain from it ourselves.

On all these matters, in its sins of omission and commission, it is indeed the excuse of the late Parliament, that it has only faithfully reflected the will of the people. But the excuse is not quite valid. If whenever the people are wrong-headed, or stupid, or indolent, our Parliament has no other duty but to be wrong-headed, and stupid, and indolent too, the excuse may be allowed. But if we grant this position, we degrade the

House and alter the Constitution. We need not select our best and cleverest men only to give words and effect to the ideas and wishes of the most stupid and lazy among us. We need not be at the trouble of selecting any men in particular, if any who are selected are only to do exactly as they are told. The function of Parliament is higher. It is to carry into effect the popular will; but it is to do this with all the energy and skill of which its members are possessed. So when the nation has, by an election, pronounced in favour of Reform, the duty of Parliament is to carry out Reform as best it can, without waiting to be forced to the work by the violence of angry constituents. So, too, when the nation has throughout its history proved its readiness to give succour to a neighbour unjustly oppressed, the business of Parliament is not to find excuses for evading that duty, but to fulfil it with such mingled wisdom and energy as it may. If it represents, it ought also to guide public opinion. The fault of the dead Parliament is, that it sought out the most selfish and debased elements in the public opinion of the moment, and was content with acting as their mouthpiece. Let us hope that that which is now to be elected will have nobler thoughts of its true functions.

#### THE GENERAL ELECTION.

PARLIAMENT is dissolved, and the nation is without representatives. The country, big with an embryo House of Commons, is at this moment in the throes of gestation. Business is suspended, amusements are deserted, commerce is at a standstill, and insatiable speculation is for a time quiescent, while the British public is intent upon the constitutional saturnalia of a general election. The next few days will determine who are to govern us, and what policy is to be pursued for an indefinite period. The issue is, under any circumstances, one of the highest importance; but at the present time it is of even unusual significance, for many questions of the most fundamental character await, and must receive, their solution from the new Parliament. If ever, therefore, it might have been expected that elections would have been fought on principle, it is those which will take place next week and the week after. If ever it was desirable, it is now desirable, that the fittest and the ablest men should be sent to the Parliament which will assemble at Westminster in January or February, 1866. But it is unhappily notorious that principle will play but a small part in the impending contest; and that candidates have been habitually selected for qualifications which are far from conducing to senatorial efficiency. On no previous occasion have electioneering addresses been more vague; on none have men on both sides seemed equally anxious to avoid any precise and binding confession of political faith. The Conservative seeks to clothe himself with a sort of spurious liberalism; the Liberal is above all things anxious to prove that he is the true Conservative. At the best the struggle is little more than a party-fight for the power and emoluments of office. In the eyes of philosophers or of earnest politicians that is not a spectacle to be witnessed with unmixed satisfaction; but it must be tolerated as an inevitable incident of the working of constitutional government. It is at any rate better than the sight of men struggling to get into Parliament for the mere purpose of setting a stamp upon their social position; or gaining for newly-gathered wealth the respect and consideration which it has not hitherto extorted from the world. But if half one hears be true, the real question to be decided, at many elections, is simply which of two men with a large fortune, little education, and no manners, shall obtain, by writing M.P. after his name, the means of forcing himself into a higher sphere of society than that in which he has previously moved. For the last few years money has been made with unexampled facilities both at home and in the colonies. Millionaires are now as plentiful as blackberries; it is scarcely possible to raise row after row of palaces in the fashionable districts of London fast enough to meet their demands for house accommodation. All that gold can buy directly they have bought already; and it has now occurred to them to try whether it cannot indirectly procure for them the social advantages which gentle birth, refined manners, and a cultivated mind confer upon their possessor. There is only one path by which it is possible to reach the end in view, and unfortunately this lies through the House of Commons. The possessor of a fractional share of the power of making laws and administering for the British nation, can at once command admission to certain West-end saloons. He may be coarse and ignorant, and his wife and daughters may be still more objectionable because still more vulgar than himself; but if he has a vote the



leaders of his party must put up with him and with his family. They may sneer, but they must invite. They may inwardly despise, but they must outwardly patronize; and having once got their foot into society, Smith or Jones, who is a persevering and pertinacious man, and Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, who is a still more persevering and pertinacious woman, are not long in introducing their whole body. The coveted cards for balls and routs descend like manna upon the once famishing family, who are at last accepted where they at first were barely tolerated. Nor is that all. While the female portion of his family are trading upon his M.P.-ship at the west, the honourable gentleman himself can make money of it in the east. In an age of joint-stock companies, those two letters written after a man's name have a market value, and a tolerably good one too. Of course that which can be sold is worth buying.

It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the commercial and moneyed classes should have invested heavily in parliamentary candidature. On no previous occasion was an introduction to a constituency so difficult to procure, at either of those two great political marts in Pall Mall, where such things are dealt in. Never, if report be true, were the favours of the Whig or Tory agents, who are charged with the management of the elections, purchased at such a price. Men are understood to have contributed by the score to the electioneering fund of their party larger sums than used to suffice for the purchase of a seat. And that contribution is only the beginning and not the end of expense. There still remains all the cost of a contest; and, notwithstanding the acts against bribery, this is not likely to be less than heretofore. The mode of bribery may be changed—the candidate of to-day may try to purchase the constituency *en bloc* by gifts to the town or its institutions, whereas the candidate of yesterday took the more direct course of slipping a £5 note into the hand of the individual voter—but the substance remains the same. Above political professions or party cries we hear on all sides the jingling of money; and the people through whose hands it is about to pass tell us with a chuckle of delight that more will be spent on this election than was ever before wasted on a similar contest. Indeed it is idle to expect that elections will be other than impure so long as they are fought between people who look upon a seat in Parliament as they do upon a box at the opera, or a marine villa in the Isle of Wight. The wealthy Australian gold digger or land speculator—the successful domestic gambler in stocks or shares—has but one way of securing any object of ambition or taste. The venality of the British elector naturally seems to him an almost providential arrangement for the convenience of the British candidate. If he cannot speak like Mr. Gladstone, or argue like Mr. Mill, he possesses means of political fascination which rival in their efficacy upon a political constituency the rare gifts of either of these eminent men. It must needs seem quite absurd to refrain from exerting them out of regard to so shadowy and unsubstantial a thing as public virtue. They will be exerted, and the usual consequences will follow. The notion that bribery can be abolished by punishing the bribed is one of those puerile delusions in which our legislators profess to believe, but which impose on no one else. The reform must come from above. Until we have candidates who think it disgraceful and dishonourable to buy, we shall have electors who think it neither disgraceful nor dishonourable to sell. So long as rich men tempt, poor men will yield to temptation. That that temptation will be sown broadcast during the next few days we cannot entertain the slightest doubt, as we run our eyes down the list of candidates. The number of men who can “bleed handsomely”—to use a slang phrase—is quite extraordinary. We may be sure that lancets wielded by competent hands will not be wanting for their depletion.

But electoral corruption is not the only evil with which we are menaced by the eager competition of our *nouveaux riches* for seats in Parliament. That competition tends directly to deteriorate the House of Commons, and to curtail the supply of men really qualified for public life by their abilities and education. We admit that it is desirable there should be a certain—nay a considerable—manufacturing, mercantile, and railway element in the lower house of the legislature. It would neither represent the country, nor command its confidence, if the fact were otherwise. But it is quite possible to have too much of even the best things. And it is certainly very easy to have too many old gentlemen who have spent all the best years of their lives in making money, and now come to pass the end of their existence in dignified repose upon the back benches of the House of Commons. Even the supply of active, pushing, business men, of middle life, may be overdone. They are shrewd and clever; they give a salutary impulse to

the proceedings of the House; their briskness and restlessness keep it from stagnating, and they are amongst the most useful and competent critics of many branches of the administration. But they are not statesmen; in many respects they are the very reverse of what a statesman should be. They rarely look beyond the immediate interest at stake, and they are generally ready to pursue that, without reference to the feelings and opinions of any one else. The Manchester traders, who would have subordinated every other consideration in the government of India to the production of a supply of cotton for their own mills, are a good illustration of mercantile statesmanship. If a composite empire, and a complicated political and social system like ours are to be held together; if the tone of public life, and the standard of public administration are to be maintained, we must have a large infusion of trained professional politicians in the House of Commons. So far as the ranks of the aristocracy can furnish them, there is no fear of the supply falling off. The younger son of a great family can always find the means of entering Parliament. But it is not desirable that we should be compelled to resort to one class for our official men. We wish to see the middle classes claiming for themselves that share in the government of the country which is their due. They might easily obtain it if they chose to try; and the fact that they have not hitherto done so is one in nowise creditable to them. When one considers how many young men there are whose fathers might place them in a position to make the choice which Mr. Brassey so candidly described in his address to the electors of Devonport, it is impossible not to be struck with the small number of middle-class men who devote themselves to politics as a career. To the sons of rich capitalists the path will still remain open; but it will soon be closed against others if the present be a type of future elections. It will be simply impossible for a young man of moderate means, but without aristocratic connections, to enter the House of Commons, however eminent may be his abilities, or however marked his fitness for public life. This is a result which can hardly be witnessed with satisfaction by any one who desires to see the termination of the present monopoly of power by what are called “the governing classes.” Mr. Bright and others may declaim against that monopoly as long and as vehemently as they like, but it will be shaken neither by their denunciations nor by any probable extension of the suffrage, so long as young nobles will and can train themselves for government, while young men who are not nobles either will not or cannot get the opportunity. With a view both to the better distribution of political power, and to the maintenance of the character of Parliament, it is desirable to check the growing tendency to regard the possession of wealth as a chief title to political confidence. No one who considers the subject seriously can deny that the political mammon-worship which has mainly guided the selection of candidates at the present election, is both discreditable and dangerous to the country. To a great extent it is the result of that political apathy of which Lord Palmerston's supremacy is partly the cause and partly the effect. And for this, if for no other reason, we should gladly welcome the rise of some liberal and generous agitation which might act as a tonic to the enfeebled spirit of our time.

#### CAPTAIN COLES AND THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Duke of Somerset sits in Parliament as the representative of an ancestor buried some three centuries ago. Lord Clarence Paget sits as the representative of the living boatmen and shopkeepers of Deal. Consequently these organs of the Admiralty in the two Houses are quite independent of the public opinion of England at the present day. No other circumstance could explain their entire indifference to what every educated person thinks of their conduct on the question of Captain Coles's invention. It is not too much to say that in this matter they have united the system of business of a parish vestry and of a pettifogging firm of attorneys. They have exhibited the ignorance, the favouritism, and the contempt of public interests, which distinguish the worst specimens of the former body. They have displayed the recklessness of assertion, the unscrupulous exercise of power, to secure a private end, which make the latter class the discreditable exceptions in an honourable profession. Always smooth and plausible to their employers, always ready with some glib excuse, profuse in promises, copious in explanations, fervent in indignation at suspicion, ready on the smallest provocation to lay their hands on their hearts, and call Heaven to witness their scrupulous honesty and their consuming zeal for the public service, they have contrived to shuffle three years over



without moving one step from their fixed position of defiance of the public will. It was in 1862 that the House of Commons compelled them to promise that Captain Coles's system should have a practical trial. As an experiment, it had been proved with success the year before, and in America it had just been the means of saving the Federal navy from utter annihilation. Beyond a doubt Parliament, in demanding for it a full trial, meant a trial for every purpose for which it professed to be adapted—trial as a floating battery, trial in gunboats, trial in seagoing ships. The Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarence Paget undertook that the wish of Parliament should be carried out; they performed their pledge by directing the *Royal Sovereign* to be converted and the *Prince Albert* to be built, neither of them being calculated for more than coast defence. Half a dozen iron-clads have in the meantime been commenced and finished and sent to sea, but the *Prince Albert* is still reported as only under construction. The *Royal Sovereign*, needing only alteration, could not be delayed so long. But she was delayed for two years and a half, and when sent on her first cruise was immediately ordered back and paid off. That cruise, however, was decisive of her merits. Captain Sherard Osborne, her commander, officially reported that the new system had acted admirably, that it had enabled guns to be worked with facility of twice the weight that had ever been carried on board ship before, and that "the *Royal Sovereign*, as she now stands, is the most formidable vessel of war I have ever been on board of." He added, "She would destroy easily, if her guns were rifled, any of our present iron-clads, whether of the *Warrior*, *Hector*, or *Research* class. Her handiness, speed, weight of broadside, and the small target she offers, increase tenfold her powers of assault and retreat." These were serious advantages for the Admiralty to encounter. Nothing was possible but to meet them with their Fabian policy. So they told the public that they were very much rejoiced, but that unfortunately the *Royal Sovereign* was not fitted to go to sea, and therefore Captain Coles's invention was inapplicable to our navy. Then the public, amazed that no progress had been made, demanded that a seagoing vessel should be built. The Admiralty declared their readiness, and directed Captain Coles to design one for himself. Captain Coles replied that he was a naval captain, and an inventor of a method of working heavy guns in ironclads, but not a shipbuilder. Then the Admiralty assigned him a draughtsman. On the 2nd of April of this year Captain Coles, thus aided, sent in his plans for a seagoing vessel of 2,400 tons, capable of carrying two 600-pounders, with a speed of 13·8 knots, and at the same time stated that if the vessel were a half larger she would carry four 600-pounders. But with only two, the broadside would be just four times that thrown by the *Pallas*, a corresponding vessel of Mr. Reed's design, without turrets, which has been nearly completed in little more than a year from her commencement. My Lords, however, could sanction no such haste in favour of the non-official inventor. After three weeks of deliberation, they referred Captain Coles's designs to a "Committee of Naval Officers," desiring them to take such evidence as they thought fit, and then "to report to my Lords their opinions on the following points:—1st, the probable seagoing qualities of the proposed vessels, including storage, accommodation for officers and men, with other essential points; 2nd, the armament; 3rd, the amount of protection afforded by the armour plating; 4th, the advantages, or otherwise, of the proposed masts and rig at sea and in action." And, knowing that Captain Coles was at the time ill, they informed him that he might depute some person to give explanations to the Committee "when required to attend." Of course Captain Coles, unable to attend in person, declined to nominate a delegate to represent what nobody but himself could satisfactorily explain. After a month's examination of evidence, the Committee sent to Captain Coles a "summary of objections," and requested him to answer them. Captain Coles replied that he could not answer objections in a summary without knowing the statements in the evidence on which they were founded, and begged to see the evidence. But this request the Committee refused; and, on appeal to the Admiralty, that department has confirmed the refusal, and ordered the Committee to report their labours at once; that is to say, with all the objections which Captain Coles was not allowed the means of answering. Thus, in the beginning of July, 1865, stands the question of that practical trial of the turret system which every other naval State has already had, which the House of Commons, in April, 1862, ordered, and which the Admiralty promised.

It is very clear, that what the Admiralty are doing now is neither more nor less than what they ought to have done four

years ago. In the summer of 1861, it was proved by experiment at Portsmouth that heavy guns could be carried better in a turret than in a broadside. Then was the proper time for my Lords to appoint a committee to consider the merits and applicability of the system in other respects. Then a report by naval officers on the "probable sea-going qualities" of a vessel on that principle, on the "accommodation for officers and men," on "the armament," the "amount of protection afforded," "the advantages or otherwise of the proposed mast and rig," would have been serviceable. But in the four years that have since elapsed other nations have supplied the defective knowledge on these points. America has proved the "amount of protection afforded;" Denmark has proved the "sea-going qualities;" Italy and Russia have satisfied themselves of the "armament," and of the "accommodation for officers and men." There remains untried in actual war only the "masts and rig." Surely it needs not the formality of a board of naval captains to authorise a vessel to be commenced to put this not essential part of the system to actual proof! Mr. Reed has introduced a number of important alterations into new vessels constructed by him. Some of them are so very important that it is found on trial that the guns cannot be worked, and that the vessel cannot be sent to sea without imminent danger of going to the bottom. Yet it has not been thought necessary by the Admiralty to stop the execution of his designs till a board of captains has considered them. And to apply this test in the year 1865 to a design for a vessel on the turret principle—a vessel which Parliament directed to be constructed in 1862, and in 1864 was astonished to learn had been evasively designed for only coast service—is a most palpable attempt to evade by delay the performance of the renewed pledges into which the Admiralty were then forced to enter.

There are some party-men who think that on the eve of a general election these facts should not be spoken of by the friends of the party which has committed them. We cannot for our part take such a view of our duty to the public. We trust the Liberal cause will triumph at the elections, but we do not wish it to triumph with all its defects of administration. And at no time is it more suitable to press these than at an election, for at no time is there so good a chance of enforcing attention. A Government with a possible term of six years of office before it can afford to be indifferent to public censure of conduct not affecting a point so vital as to involve its existence. But at election time every point is vital. The Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarence Paget represent personages indeed who will not be very exacting. But other members of the Government and of the body which supports them are in a more critical position. A few votes may turn, in more than one place, an election. And there can be no doubt that the conduct of the Admiralty to Captain Coles, even before, but still more since 1861, will throughout England affect more than a few votes. It has been so reckless of honour, so blind to the duties of patriotism, so plainly inspired by personal feeling, and so defiant of the obligations of good faith, that many a voter will consider that a Government which can so play with a question of national defence, involving the principle of an enormous expenditure, is not deserving of continued support. For a long time public decency and official duty may be outraged by men high in place. But at last comes a Nemesis, whether in the form of such personal condemnation as the week has furnished an eminent example of, or in the form of the fall from power of the Ministry which has neglected duty and sanctioned corruption.

#### THE BISHOPS AND THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS.

THE Church of England, at this time on its trial as part of the National Constitution, is as unfortunate in the character of those who, loving it, come forth as watchmen to cry—danger, as it is in that of those, who accept the cry, in the character of its appointed protectors.

Mr. Whalley and the Marquis of Westmeath are alike earnest, honest men. They are, however, just of that class of men whose over zeal ever weakens the power they would put forth to expose what they declare to be wrong, or advocate what they assume to be right. History relates many a narrative of rescue from great danger, by very weak means. We should, however, deplore the conviction that the Capitol of the Established Church was so ill defended by its own normal means as to need to be roused to a conviction of powerful treason within it by a tocsin, sounded first by some of its weakest, although very faithful citizens.

We are however, after a measure, thankful for anything which may prove real danger, come it from where it will; we



are the more so when it elicits from head-quarters the confession of its truth; our joy, however, at the timely warning, even of a Westmeath, is grievously qualified when we see it met in no wiser, bolder spirit, than that shown in the answer of the Bishop of London.

We are asked to believe that the whole Bench are in grief at the outrageous folly of the practices of certain clergymen. Parish churches exist as those into which every parishioner has a right of entry, there to worship according to the forms of the Reformed Established Church of England; his book of Common Prayer should be all he needs to guide him in the services. With a bible to enable him to follow the reader of the lessons, this prayer book, and an heartfelt desire to gather good from its beautiful forms of prayer, he has been bred to believe himself equipped for attendance on the national church services.

So went to church his father, grandfather, and many of their forefathers. We presume that they were not the worse for doing so, but, on the contrary, the departed of them are now the better. Wherever an Englishman went in his own country, the theory of the Constitution has been he would find a parish church, and with a Bible and Prayer-book in his hand, would within it find himself, as a Church of England worshipper, quite at home.

As yet no Parochial Worship Dischargeability Bill has become law. So far as we know, the law of the land has in no way curtailed the right of an English churchman to worship after the fashion of his forefathers of the Reformed Church. If the melodramatic form of worship is to supersede the simpler forms to which the majority of the people have been bred—if church attendance is to afford to ear, and eye, and olfactory nerves a close, or clumsy, or exaggerated imitation of the pomp and circumstance of the Romish form of worship, let it be so declared by law. Tithes were a grievance, Church-rates are sores, Easter dues are very irritating, but we were led to believe that they were the necessary taxation of an Englishman to sustain a form of worship the wisdom of the nation had established, to be free to all who sought to partake of its services and profit by its ordinances. As a mere matter of business, every Englishman has a gravamen when he has to pay by law for an engine for the public service of a particular character, and then finds it deliberately applied not only to the injury of the work for which it is supported, but to do work it was established to undo.

When the Metropolitan Bishop can give no better answer to Lord Westmeath's exposure of the rampant folly of the men who are perverting the services of their churches to carry out their travestie of Romish ceremonial, than the admission that it is to be deplored, that the whole Bench do deplore it, but that there is some Edward VI. rubric which makes it uncertain what the Bishops can do to stop the mischief; that some of these silly, disobedient priests are very pious and charitable; we may be pardoned if we proceed to call in question the real truth of this episcopal answer.

If purple and lawn had been at this time exchanged for sackcloth and ashes, on account of the rebellion and back-sliding of certain clergy, would there be no outward visible signs to prove to us this inward, harassing affliction of the Bench? The zeal which sits down to weep, but will not rise up to work, is of a very questionable character. The alteration in the oaths the clergy are called on to take, called forth a fair exhibition of episcopal vitality. Convocation has been permitted its now periodical ecclesiastical altercations on many points of Church interest; the Upper House showed none of the reticence of those who come forth from sorrow in the palace. What heard we in the form of gravamen about this Edward VI. rubric? Has there been any the least indication of a desire to see the hands of the Bishops released from the fetters of this resuscitated rubric? Have any of the many learned and pious men on the Bench spoken in their charges one word to show how they sympathized with the feelings of the laity and clergy who feel their common sense insulted by the permitted extravagance of the Anglo-Catholic sect? If it is true that bishop after bishop have taken the highest legal opinion in the matter, only to find that their power is doubtful, why is it that some of them have not at least put the fact to the test of a legal trial? Will the evil over which they say they sorrow, and at which a large majority of the Church are indignant, decrease because it meets no direct opposition? It is all very well to say, "We have given our earnest advice to these fanciful priests; we now entreat the churchwardens to use all their influence, we would do more ourselves, but there is a rubric we cannot interpretate, we fear it makes us powerless." An address to the Crown on the extension of the episcopate seems an easy affair about a business few think of any real

importance. Is there no approach to the Crown to seek the removal of any revived obsolete rubric, which is made a weapon by a few clergy to afflict the Bench and insult the sense of the Church at large? If the high priests of these churches had private buildings independent of the parochial system; if, without a licence from the Bishop of London, or his consecration, they set up their own Church system, we know very well the law would quickly be put in motion; they would then be intruders into private pastures, the ecclesiastical trespass acts would soon satisfy them of the fact, the evil would be less, for the parish church would remain with its purer worship for the parishioners at large. Those who preferred these Anglo-Catholics would go to them as they might go to any of Dr. Manning's churches. As it is, the plain, common sense right of every parishioner is affected at the will of the clergy, who, masters of the position by the cowardice of the Bench, use that position to carry out their own ideas in defiance of the parishioners.

We have no desire to cry down the religious opinions of pious men of any creed; but it is a matter of national interest when the Bishop of London deliberately asserts that a flaw has been found in the title of the Church to claim for herself that freedom from practices within her places of worship which, until lately, she believed she obtained at the Reformation. We readily admit that many of these Romanizing clergy are men of deep piety, very charitable, self-denying, and devoted, after their own fashion, to good works in many localities where all that is evil is most rife. The objection we make to them is, that under cover of the Established Church, they are setting themselves up in opposition to the whole spirit of her sole foundation as the National Church. Granting they may be right men, they are in their wrong place. If it is not so—if these doctrines are those of the Church, their ceremonial, their practices those which the Church has for many years wrongly put aside—let some tribunal declare the fact, even if the issue should be that the Protestant mind of England should have again to protest so strongly as to call for a second Reformation. One or other party would then be recognised by the State; the party set aside could take their own steps to secure to those who agree with them the means to worship according to their belief.

We are inclined to believe that, up to a certain point, some of the bishops have encouraged this, the very party whose practices they now profess to reprobate; the rest of the Bench, with perhaps one or two exceptions, were content to be quiet in the matter. It was held that Church principles had become very lax. The laity in general, and a large proportion of the clergy, were content to have it so. Whatever directly tended to increase the priestly character of the lower clergy, it was argued, would act to give more influence to the Bishops. It was soon observed that these men, by their zeal and the attractive nature of their services, gathered to their churches many rich and influential laymen, who became most liberal supporters, not only of the particular church they attended and the charities connected with it, but of all special Church objects. Other churches may have been more frequented by laymen, but the laity, male and female, of these Anglo-Catholic churches not only took advantage of the Church's services, but gave themselves liberally and earnestly to forward every Church interest.

The Bench might have been more grateful for the support thus obtained had those who rendered it been more moderate in the exposition of their principles. A good deal of eccentricity was pardoned where the actors were such generous men and so devoted to Church order and discipline, but at last there were reasonable grounds for fear that something more than harmless Tractarianism would develop itself. It was too late now to interfere—questionable lambs had been allowed in the flock, they gave promise of affording a good deal of wool, and so they did; but, in the third and fourth generation, they became restless in the home pasture, they strayed to fields they made their own; there was still a good fleece, they carried wealth with them, but they expended it their own way; they did not altogether repudiate their old shepherds; they revered the crozier, this was hereditary; but they would neither follow nor obey those who held it.

It is well to remember that one or more existing members of the Bench, now so sorrowful at the conduct of this party, accepted at the hands of one of them, as a dutiful gift, the massive silver emblem which, borne of old by mitred bishops, was the symbol of their high pastoral office. In one case, it is well known, the gift was not only gratefully accepted, but publicly carried before the Bishop by his chaplain in a procession, the blessing being given in the cathedral by him, with the crozier in his hand. It must add to the grief the Bishop of London



speaks of, that sheep so ready to find the staff should yet treat any threat of the rod with such contempt. We can well understand that there is much alarm just now in episcopal quarters, and grief after a sort. It is the alarm of men now likely to be called to strict account for the very questionable policy which made them close their eyes to the fact that reaction may go farther than the restoration of strength; it often leads to rash abuse of the power regained. It was one thing to revive proper church ceremonial and discipline by encouraging those who acted as pioneers of the work; it was a very different thing to remain passive when those who had done some good were going on to produce great evil. Is there one bishop of five years' standing who does not know well enough that practices have been deliberately connived at—we had almost said approved—in secret, which long since showed where this movement must end? In more than one diocese, no men have shared more of the episcopal favour than those of this Anglo-Catholic school. It is folly to expect us to believe that the public and private practices of these clergy are things only now fully known to the Bench. The policy has been one of deliberate non-intervention. Who, then, can blame these men if they now turn round on the Bench and calmly defy their power to interfere? Are they now, more than they were five years ago, at all convinced there is any real desire to interfere? Have they no grounds to feel assured that the pitiful Edward VI. rubric plea is a mere myth? the real truth being that they have some of the Bishops at heart with them, very few with any heart seriously to oppose them, unless public opinion make it necessary. There is, and the Bench know it, cause for alarm, that the public patience is so nearly exhausted, and some unmistakeable exhibition on the part of the laity is imminent, of a determination to know what that Church is which they are to respect as that of this nation. We are willing to believe the Bench, as a whole, grieves the quick approach of a time when the country will insist on knowing whether Protestant Bishops are as powerless as they say, to put an end to practices they profess to condemn; whether this rubrical difficulty is the true one, if so what the heads of the Church contemplate to obtain a release from it.

If laymen now withhold their hands for a time from aiding church-building funds, the support of Colonial Bishops, the aiding the extension of the episcopate at home, it may be as well for the Bench to remember, this may not be from any illiberality, it may be in grief. It is quite possible this rubric, so galling to the Bench, may cause many a generous man to be sparing of his alms to the Established Church until he is quite assured this remnant of her ancient days does not yet exist as a source of danger to her Protestant vitality.

#### LITERA SCRIPTA.

It seems to be in the nature of things that misfortunes shall never come single. If a German tailor is hanged for murder to-day, a German sugar-baker is almost certain to be hanged for murder six weeks hence. A smash on the Happy-go-lucky line, with a huge butcher's bill, finds its parallel before a week is over on the Devil-may-care line, with another huge butcher's bill. The town has hardly recovered from its astonishment at the elopement of Thais with a married man moving in the upper circles, before it hears that Aspasia has married the heir to an earldom. So it is with great warehouses, great banks, great reputations. Fire sweeps away one, bankruptcy another, a parliamentary committee a third; each disaster bringing its fellow in its train, with greater or less ruin. Even so great an officer of State as the Lord Chancellor cannot suffer such loss of character that he is compelled to resign without a bolt being sped, which seriously damages the honour of an ex-Lord Chancellor. The bolt was not indeed meant for the latter. Party spirit, through the agency of Major Knox, aimed it at the mortally-wounded Bethell; but inexorable Fate, who demands her victims at least in couples, destined it for another quarry. It glanced from the already-stricken Westbury, and sank deep into the velvet hide of Chelmsford.

Condemned by two parliamentary committees, with a vote of censure hanging over his head in the House of Commons, and the general opinion dead against him, the Lord Chancellor's cup of bitterness was surely full enough without the addition which Major Knox tried to contribute to it. But the temptation to pluck a dead lion by the beard is too strong for some people, and Major Knox yielding to it, asked the Attorney-General "Whether it was true that a pension had been granted by the Lord Chancellor to Mr. Winslow, late one of the Masters

in Lunacy; and if so, the amount of such pension, the grounds upon which it was granted, and whether it was refused by a former Lord Chancellor?" Nothing could be more dexterous than this manoeuvre. The House was on the eve of discussing Mr. Hunt's motion for a vote of censure on Lord Westbury. If the Attorney-General should find himself forced to admit that he had granted Mr. Winslow a pension which his predecessor on the woolsack had refused him, then the House would have before it three pensions improperly granted by the Lord Chancellor, and the prospect of the success of Mr. Hunt's motion would be all the more favourable. But, more than that, it would put in striking contrast the virtue of a Whig and a Tory Lord Chancellor; the one reckless in the expenditure of the public money, pensioning unworthy servants, rewarding their backslidings, and giving effect—consciously or unconsciously—to the most scandalous jobs; the other rigidly impartial, investigating with scrupulous exactness the grounds on which a pension was asked and deciding upon the merits of the claim with inexorable justice. Thus the Whigs, even if Mr. Hunt's motion failed, would go to the country with the reproach of having a very naughty Lord Westbury in their company, while the Tories could vaunt their immaculate Lord Chelmsford. As it happened, however, the answer of the Attorney-General was not favourable to the questioner. He replied that Mr. Winslow had served the public, first as Commissioner of Lunacy and then as Master in Lunacy for thirty years; that on the 4th of February, 1859, he presented a petition to Lord-Chancellor Chelmsford, supported by unexceptional certificates from two physicians and one surgeon, for leave to retire; that before Lord Chelmsford had taken that petition into consideration he left office without making any order and without refusing it; that on the 3rd of February, 1863, Lord Westbury made an order granting Mr. Winslow a pension of £1,000 a year; that he did so upon a petition supported by high testimonials from Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Justice Knight Bruce, Vice-Chancellor Stuart, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Montague Smith, Mr. Bovill, Mr. Malins, and Mr. Commissioner Holroyd; and that Lord Chelmsford himself wrote a letter to Mr. Commissioner Holroyd, saying that it would give him great pleasure to see that the Lord Chancellor had taken a favourable view of Mr. Winslow's petition, and that he believed it would be gratifying to the whole profession. Thus Major Knox took nothing by his question. The result was rather favourable to Lord Westbury than otherwise. The major's bolt glanced from his side, and, to all appearance, "flew away into space."

And into space it would have gone had not Lord Chelmsford, in his eagerness to show what superior virtue resides in the breast of a Tory Lord Chancellor, provided it with a substantial aim. With the sorrow which oppresses the heart of a good man when he has to speak in disparagement of a man who is not good, he rose in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and after reading the report of Major Knox's question and the Attorney-General's answer, proceeded to inform the House, by taking it for granted that they knew it without being informed, with what regret he entered into this subject at what he would call a most painful moment. "It is necessary, for the vindication of my conduct, that I should do so." It is to be observed as a rule, that when a man has to vindicate his conduct, one of the first things he does is to attack the conduct of some one else. Lord Chelmsford lost no time in doing this. He began at once to blacken the character of Mr. Winslow. Mr. Winslow was in pecuniary difficulties, he was afraid to come to his office, he absented himself for a considerable time, and "I also heard that he had borrowed a considerable sum of money from the keeper of a lunatic asylum." Lord Chelmsford thought this "highly unbecoming and improper," and directed his principal secretary to write to Mr. Winslow, calling his attention to the fact that he had been absent without leave, that he must return to his duties, and must explain the circumstance of the loan. Shortly after that letter was sent Mr. Winslow came to Lord Chelmsford's room and stated his wish, after his long service, to resign upon a pension. Little did he know the man he was addressing if he thought, by this diversion, to avoid the charges he had been called upon to answer. "I told him," says Lord Chelmsford, "that, however painful it might be to refuse such a request, it was quite impossible for me to give any such recommendation." A week later Mr. Winslow renewed his proposal to resign, with the same result; and a week after that, Lord Chelmsford's principal secretary informed his lordship that he had received a petition from Mr. Winslow, desiring to resign his office, on the ground of ill health, and sending a certificate to that effect. His lordship, "without looking at the petition," told his secretary that this was clearly an after thought; that Mr.



Winslow had never contemplated resigning on that ground, and that therefore he could not look either at the petition or the certificate, both of which he directed his secretary to return. We thus learn that Lord Westbury is not the only Lord Chancellor who has decided upon petitions and certificates without looking at them; and there is yet another point of striking similarity between him and Lord Chelmsford, between the impure and the pure. Out of three vacancies which he forced, Lord Westbury filled up one with his son-in-law, another with his son, the third with his son's friend, who had in a manner bought the office. No sooner did Mr. Winslow resign, than Lord Chelmsford filled up the vacancy with his son-in-law, "a gentleman," he says, "of the highest character, and a man whom I conscientiously believed to have been perfectly competent to the performance of the duties;" but of whose qualifications experts had so different an opinion, that his lordship saw fit to withdraw the appointment almost as soon as it was made.

So far, however, Lord Chelmsford's explanation was good. But to sustain the character he had thus made for himself, it was necessary that he should rebut the Attorney-General's allegation that he had subsequently urged the granting of a pension to Mr. Winslow by Lord Westbury. To refuse it himself, and then, when out of office, to turn round and say that it would be hard that that gentleman, after so many years' faithful service, should lose it, would be at least a very gross inconsistency. It would raise a not unnatural suspicion that, when Lord Chancellor, he put Mr. Winslow under a pressure which was meant to create the vacancy to be filled up by his son-in-law. So far the case would be similar to the conduct of Lord Westbury with regard to Mr. Edmunds. Lord Chelmsford, therefore, stoutly denied that he had taken any part in recommending Mr. Winslow for a pension. "What I said was, that I should be very glad if the Chancellor could see any reason for granting him a pension. I certainly did not say such a step would be gratifying to the whole profession." As ill-luck would have it, what Lord Chelmsford *did* say was contained in a letter dated July 15, 1862, to Commissioner Holroyd, and when he had finished his explanation Earl Granville rose, not to comment upon it, but to confront Lord Chelmsford with his own epistle, which ran in these words:—"My dear Holroyd,—It would give me very great pleasure to hear that the Chancellor had taken a favourable view of Mr. Winslow's case, and had recommended him for a pension. I was very much distressed when the position of affairs compelled him to resign his office, and I was anxious to do everything in my power, consistently with my duty, to prevent the unfortunate necessity. After so many years' faithful service, it seems hard that he should lose the retiring pension which many who have served less and not more zealously should now be enjoying. I am sure that the acknowledgment of Mr. Winslow's claim would be gratifying to the whole profession."

Nothing could be more distinct than this language. It was a direct contradiction of the words which Lord Chelmsford had just uttered, if it may not even be regarded as a condemnation, by himself, of his severity towards Mr. Winslow while he was in office. After reading his letter, Earl Granville sat down amidst the silence of the House, which Lord Chelmsford did not attempt to disturb.

#### LORD WINCHILSEA'S "PRIVILEGE."

In one of the most eloquent passages in Hallam's Constitutional history, Englishmen are congratulated on the circumstance that they have no privileged class among them. A peer's son is a commoner, and a peer himself can only claim those parliamentary immunities which belong alike to the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Most of us, indeed, feel an almost superstitious reverence for a great noble. Such men as the Duke of Bedford or the Marquis of Westminster are undoubtedly tremendous social personages, but their influence depends on their rank and wealth, and not on the possession of any "privileges" which are withheld from their humbler fellow-countrymen. They pay the same taxes and obey the same laws as ourselves. To imagine a coronetted felon is something like sacrilege; but if such a phenomenon should actually present itself, a policeman would deal with him as promptly as with a drunken chimneysweep. Poor Lord Audley's earldom did not save his neck. Lord Cardigan, twenty years ago, had to answer before the Court of the Lord High Steward for shooting Mr. Tuckett. Happily for English liberty, the same measure of justice is meted out to peer and peasant.

This state of things, however, is very distasteful to the

Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. He evidently thinks it ought not to exist. He goes even further, and in contradiction of Hallam and one or two other ignorant writers—he assures us by his conduct that it does not exist. He has enrolled himself amongst historical discoverers. Mr. Froude must look to his laurels. After years of unremitting labour in Record offices and libraries, he has succeeded in whitewashing several leading historical villains. Lord Winchilsea has performed a much more ambitious feat. With him genius has supplied the place of reading. At one brilliant stroke he has revealed a new Constitutional maxim. The equality of Englishmen is, in his view, all nonsense, mere frothy talk, fit for spouting demagogues and radical newspapers. A British earl has at least three privileges which historians have overlooked. He may break railway bye-laws, he may bully railway officials, and he may defy London magistrates.

The manner in which these great truths have been established is grand in its simplicity. A falling apple suggested the law of gravity. To a lighted cigar we owe the doctrine of the supremacy of lords above law. It seems that on the 7th of June last, the Earl of Winchilsea was smoking a cigar in the Vauxhall station of the South-Western Railway Company. He was requested to put it out by the station-master, but refused to do so. He seems to have thought the request an unwarrantable infringement on the liberty of a peer to do what he pleases, and accordingly took no more notice of it than an Indian civil servant would take of a remonstrance from one of his own niggers. He continued to smoke the pipe of war. The railway company, however, determined that their bye-laws which forbid smoking should be respected, even by a "belted earl," and after a short delay, took out a summons against him, just as if he were some common fellow who had been caught indulging in a long clay in a third-class carriage. This was too much for "Winchilsea and Nottingham." He determined to be revenged on the vulgar station-master who had dared to stand betwixt his smoke and his nobility, and on hearing that the Company were going to call him to account, addressed the following astounding letter to the Chairman. We give it in its integrity, as a choice specimen of aristocratic Billingsgate:—

"I demand the instant dismissal of the station-master, named Atter, at your Vauxhall station, who has had the effrontery to apply for a summons (involving a breach of privilege) against me at the Wandsworth bench, for what he has the impudence to call smoking contrary to your bye-laws. I beg you to observe that this piece of impudence involves a breach of the privilege of the House of Lords, and that you, the Chairman of the Company, shall be held responsible."

The public will easily judge between the official who was doing his duty and the smoker who was breaking the bye-laws. It is not very difficult to see on whose side are the "effrontery" and "impudence."

Lord Winchilsea did not appear when the summons came on for hearing, but he has written to the *Times* to say that his absence was not out of disrespect to the Court or its authority. In this letter there is not a single word about "breach of privilege." It is obvious that before writing it some "lawyer fellow" was consulted, who corrected the amazing ignorance displayed by the hereditary legislator in his first angry effusion. Is it possible that Lord Winchilsea really thought that a peer could not be summoned before a police-court? We suggest an explanation which will relieve him from the imputation of having made a mistake which would disgrace a national schoolboy. He is, we understand, a "Liberal" peer. Is he making an indirect bid for the leadership of the Lords under a Gladstone Government? The Radicals want to abolish the House of Lords, and by suggesting a derisive estimate of the mental incapacity of his order, Lord Winchilsea has supplied them with a powerful argument. He has for the present, indeed, made himself the laughing-stock of all sensible men. But his assertion of privilege may turn out a deep political move. There is nothing so damaging to a cause as to make it ridiculous. Mr. Aytoun's "Firmilian" settled the "spasmodic" school of poetry for ever. Lord Winchilsea's exhibition of legal ignorance, whether real or affected, may affect the stability of the Upper Chamber. An "intelligent foreigner" having been taken to hear the debates in both Houses of Parliament, was afterwards asked what he thought of the members. "Well," he said, "I noticed one thing especially. Only half the deputies in the House of Commons had small heads; but all the deputies in the Lords had small heads." The knowledge of constitutional history shown by Lord Winchilsea might be packed into the head of a pin. Let us charitably hope that he was amusing himself with a sly joke at the expense of his



brother peers. A clever writer once maintained that Lord Shaftesbury was a desperate socialist, because the good works he did threw into strong relief the good works which other lords left undone. Lord Winchelsea, by publishing the strange mixture of ignorance and insolence contained in his letter to the Chairman of the South-Western, may wish to prove, on the eve of a general election, that he is the right man to be the future leader of revolutionary reformers.

#### HAY-FEVER.

MEDICINE is a great snowball, and its practitioners are a noisy, quarrelsome, jealous body of schoolboys, who keep it perpetually rolling, and "gathering as it goes." It is a vast accumulation of facts, of which many are questionable, and, like the snowball to which we have compared it, it is growing more bulky every day, without altering the crude ungraceful proportions which it exhibited in its infancy. Medical men roll the huge unsymmetrically-shaped mass along, according as it suits their purposes; but they rarely attempt to give elegance to its outlines or to penetrate beyond its surface. The consequences of the condition which our metaphor indicates are that hypotheses are numerous, and sound theories exceedingly rare, in what is presumptuously termed Medical Science. The ordinary medical man is a poor original observer. He stands by the bedside of his patient, and having, from a few symptoms, deduced the nature of the disease, he travels mentally to the pages of his favourite treatise, and by its aid discovers such features of the case as it tells him he may find. Such is the habit of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand practitioners; a stereotyped system of observation is adopted, and hence the additions to our knowledge are rarely of importance. Moreover, it seldom happens that your medical attendant is a clear, acute observer and an unprejudiced reasoner. Oftener do we find that he exerts all his logical energies in support of some favourite foregone conclusion, and that even in framing the latter he has failed to give every fact its due weight. The present position of medical science is much to be regretted, yet we confess we cannot attach very serious blame to the profession. The difficulties attending such research as would tend to make medicine the science it should be, are far greater than would be at first imagined. They are of two kinds: intrinsic and indirect. If the human frame were a simple machine, its study would not be difficult; but it is a complex combination of several different portions of apparatus, which need to be separately investigated. What could the mechanic effect towards the repair of an engine were the operations of its component parts almost totally unfamiliar to him? He might conduct a variety of experiments, first examining the levers, and then the wheels and cranks and pistons of the combination, till eventually he should arrive at some accurate idea; but if it be supposed that during this process of experimental inquiry the machine was steadily undergoing destruction, and that it might eventually arrive at such a condition that repair was impossible, how vain would his efforts be! Yet the medical engineer has an infinitely more delicate and complex organism to deal with, and shall we be more exacting in his case? The human body is the most complicated of all conceivable machines, and, what is more, its component pieces of mechanism have never been seen in separate action, as in the case of wheels and levers and pulleys, whose combined effects we discover from a knowledge of their individual ones. There is another obstacle in the physician's way, though it must be admitted that, from a strictly moral aspect, its existence offers no excuse. Medical men, like their fellows, must live, and to do this they must obtain an income. The moment a young practitioner enters his profession, his first thought is as to how he may command public confidence. Of course we are speaking of the conventional man, and not of him whose sole aim is the elevation of his profession and the relief of human suffering. The conventional practitioner knows that what is absurdly styled a practical man is always a successful one, and he takes his measures accordingly. At the very outset he abandons all that pertains to theory, for he is well aware that a scientific physician does not "go down" with the public; he adopts the professional manner, and look, and dress, and he soon ceases to cultivate the powers of thought and deep reflection, which, as a true student, he ought to employ. A practice comes in due time; with it appear an income and a family; and worldly influences crush out philosophy.

The preceding remarks are intended to explain why it is that, as we go on from year to year, we really so little improve our knowledge of disease. New maladies are said to start up

now and then in the course of a century, and yet a careful inquiry into their causes shows us that they must have been prevalent in former ages, although unrecorded or unobserved. A very striking illustration of this is the present state of our information regarding the affection known as hay-fever or summer-catarrh. Hay-fever, as its name indicates, is associated with the hay season, and, as we shall presently show, its existence is entirely due to the action, either of freshly-mown hay, or of some substance associated with it. Hence it must really be a disease which has existed for centuries, although it may be said that nothing was known of it as a distinct morbid condition until the year 1802.

From the latter year till 1862 little was done to add to our knowledge of this curious disorder, but in 1862 was published a treatise by Dr. Phœbus, of Giessen, in which the subject was carefully discussed. The work to which we allude was noticed in one of our professional journals by Dr. Abbotts Smith, who has now himself written an interesting pamphlet on Hay-fever.\* Dr. Smith's essay is in great part a *résumé* of Professor Phœbus's conclusions, and to it we must refer our readers for a detailed account of the symptoms of the disease. As a general rule, it may be said that the characters of hay-fever are those of a very exaggerated ordinary catarrh, in which the symptoms vary with the individual, and which generally extends over a period of six weeks, attacks the patient first in his tenth or twelfth year, and recurs annually at the season of hay-making. Some attribute its periodical visits to the same causes as those of ague, but we think this is hardly a correct view of the matter. However, be that as it may, observation teaches us that hay-fever is a foe who only relaxes his grasp temporarily, and who rarely ever sets his victim completely at liberty. The remedies in vogue are of two kinds—palliative and curative. The patient's eyes are bathed, his nostrils wetted with glycerine, and he inhales steam or the vapour of medicated waters; small pieces of ice are allowed to dissolve in his mouth to allay the irritation of the throat, and tobacco is smoked. The curative treatment consists in the administration of quinine and iodide of potassium, and the employment of a nutritive diet, devoid of vegetables; above all, the patient should be removed beyond the influence of the exciting cause.

Various theories have been framed to account for the origin of hay-fever, and of these nearly all associate the disease with freshly-mown hay. Ingenious speculators have suggested that the excessive sunlight and the prevalence of ozone in the atmosphere are the causes of the attacks; but we have little faith in such wild hypotheses. It is a pity that those who give time and attention to the investigation of disease do not more carefully weigh all the phenomena which come under their notice. That they do not do so is evident, for even Dr. Abbotts Smith, who has certainly afforded us much information upon the subject, alleges as one of the principal causes of hay-fever, a "predisposition to its attacks." What a "predisposition" may mean, as distinct from a diseased condition, we are at a loss to understand. If the writer had separated the cause from the "predisposition," and stated that the cause operated more rapidly in persons of a certain constitution than in others, his remarks would have been intelligible. As it is, the statement is simply a misuse of words—a professional wind-bag. The boiler of a steam-engine may be weak at some particular point, and when undue steam pressure is brought to bear upon it, an explosion may occur; but surely no rational being would say that the cause of the explosion was a predisposition on the part of the boiler. Another cause Dr. Smith supposes to lurk in the benzoic acid which is said to be liberated by certain flowering grasses; to this idea we can hardly reply satisfactorily, from the circumstance that Dr. Smith gives the theory without facts to support it. It is true that the vapour which escapes during the sublimation of benzoic acid produces irritation of the throat and violent sneezing; but then these symptoms are only temporary, and yet the benzoic acid is present in much larger proportions than could possibly be produced by freshly-mown hay. Viewing this singular malady in association with other diseases which appear at special periods of the year, there can be little doubt that it owes its origin to the action of some substance present in newly-cut hay; but we do not think that benzoic acid is the direct cause. In the absence of any very accurate examination of the microscopical characters of freshly-made hay, we put forward our own idea as to the exact cause with considerable diffidence; but, in the hope that it may be at least suggestive, we express it. It appears to us, then, that the origin of hay-fever must be sought in the development of some fungoid growth upon the flowers of the grass, the spores of which

\* Observations on Hay-fever, Hay-asthma, or Summer-catarrh. London: Hardwicke.



fungus, becoming disseminated through the atmosphere in large quantity, are brought into contact with the mucous membranes of the eyes, nostrils, and throat. We believe it will eventually be demonstrated that almost all epidemics are due to the operation of microscopic plants which, under certain conditions of the system, find a favourable nidus in the blood, in which, after the manner of yeast, they gradually decompose; and we believe, farther, that hay-fever is a malady which may fairly be styled an epidemic.

#### MODERN HOUSE BUILDING.

THE Frenchman who expressed his opinion that London had ceased to be a town, and was becoming a vast province, uttered no mere hyperbole. Between the years 1800 and 1860 this metropolis not only doubled but trebled the size which it had assumed at the close of the last century. At the present time, including the suburbs, it occupies a superficial area of 121 square miles. On an average, about 1,000 houses are added to it every year; and so rapidly does building go on in every direction, that no one need be surprised to find the meadow-land which he walked on in spring laid out in populous streets by Christmas. There is, however, a great difference between the gradual development of the old city and the additions which we make to our modern capital. When Bloomsbury was still a fashionable district, its inhabitants no doubt regarded it as a permanent enlargement of London, and looked forward to the time when their children's children might own the tenements which they bought or rented. That is a source of prospective pleasure in which the inhabitants of Belgravia and Tyburnia cannot indulge. According to the present system of tenure adopted for house property, the rule is to build residences which are only intended to last a certain number of years. At the end of that term they fall into the possession of the landowner on whose estate they are erected, and thus it is to the interest of his tenant (who, in nine cases out of ten, is a speculating builder) not to spend more money on their construction than is absolutely necessary.

This is an unsatisfactory state of things even in a *prima facie* view of the matter. To calculate the stability of a house so nicely that at the expiration of, say seventy years, it shall only be fit to be pulled down and sold for old materials, is a method of reckoning which obviously involves some discomfort, not to say danger, to its latest occupant. But, unfortunately, this is not the extent of the evil. In the earnest endeavour to avoid the expense of an unnecessary stability, these economists too frequently err on the side of weakness. To speak plainly, it will be a miracle if half the houses which are now being raised in and about London do not, in the ordinary course of things, tumble down long before their allotted time. Unfortunately, their flimsy construction is not always apparent to an inexperienced eye. The old brick mansions of the early Georgian era, although unpretentious in appearance, were at least as strong as good burnt clay and duly slaked mortar could make them; the walls were of substantial thickness; the timber was dry, sound, and of ample dimensions; the foundations were well laid; the roof was of a convenient pitch and covered with the best of slates; the doors were securely hung, and a real arch, with properly-tapering *voussairs*, was turned over every window. The truth is, that in those days, inferior or dishonest work would soon have been detected, for there was nothing to conceal it from public view. Plaster was of course used internally, as it had been during centuries past, for the sake of convenience and cleanliness; but no one had yet conceived the idea of coating the front of a brick house with a composition which should give it the appearance of masonry. In an evil hour *stucco* was invented; and thenceforth, wherever it was employed, good and bad work were reduced, in the eyes of the general public, to one common level. It mattered little whether brick or rubble, English or Flemish bond were used; whether the courses exceeded their proper height by a dangerous preponderance of mortar; whether the openings were really arched over or only spanned by a fictitious lintel. What signified such considerations as these when the whole *façade* was to be enveloped in a fair and specious mask of cement?

How far this detestable practice has increased in London anyone familiar with the principal suburban squares and streets can well testify. But what the general public do not know is that the structural deceits which it conceals are daily becoming so numerous and flagrant that they positively endanger life and property. How frequently have we heard, during the last few years, of the fall of houses which have been built even within the recollection of the rising generation?

The only wonder is that these casualties do not happen every day. Of course, when an accident has occurred, the district surveyor is called in as a responsible agent to give evidence before the authorities of the state in which the house was when he last examined it. But this examination is too frequently a mere matter of form. It is the surveyor's business to arrest and remedy any gross violation of the Building Act. But in a populous and suburban district, where houses are being run up (as the phrase is) in all directions, it is impossible for him to be in all places at once or attempt to keep up a constant supervision. Besides, in the matter of bricklaying, as in all other concerns of life, it is very easy to keep within the letter of the law and at the same time disregard its spirit. The surveyor, indeed, gets a fee for every building which he inspects, but he has no particular interest in finding fault with it. On the contrary, it is said that a gentleman with a tolerably elastic conscience may often find it worth his while not to interfere too much. The Act itself, though framed in such a manner as to exclude many picturesque features from a London street, is on the whole rather lenient on the subject of roof-scantlings and the dimensions of a party-wall. An architect who should attempt to add to the effect of his elevation by a bay-window looking into the street or by overhanging eaves (even provided with a gutter) would find himself somewhat impeded by existing legislation. Yet, a heavy compo cornice, barely strong enough to support itself, is allowed to project a considerable distance from the front wall, daily threatening the lives of passers-by; and a miserable lintel, composed of fragments of brick, stuck together with mortar in the weakest possible form, is deemed sufficient to support tons of superincumbent weight.

These are only a few of the legalized evils of modern house-building. As for those which are forgotten, overlooked, or winked at, their number is legion. Not only is plaster or cement used as a covering for inferior brickwork, but it is boldly employed for columns, parapets, and verandah balusters in place of stone. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see a would-be Doric or Corinthian shaft, truncated of its base, and actually hanging to the side of a house until the pedestal (which, of course, will also be of cement) is completed. Plaster brackets supports plaster pediments, stucco bas-reliefs are raised upon a stucco ground. The whole front is a sham, from the basement storey to the attics. But murder will out, and by degrees this prodigious imposition begins to reveal itself. A mouldy green dampness exudes from the hastily finished walls. The ill-fated stucco blisters up and peels off in all directions. Ugly fissures appear on the house-front, caused by some "settlement," arising from bad foundations. The wretched parodies on carved work become chipped away by accident, or crumble to fragments under the influence of the weather. There is an air of shabby gentility about the whole concern which would be ludicrous if it were not pitiable. It had only a meretricious excellence when fresh from the painter's hands. A few years have made it a dingy abode: a few more years will make it a ghastly ruin.

The interior arrangements are not a whit better. Floor-boards come up unexpectedly after parating from the wainscot; doors shrink so that they cannot be securely fastened; window-frames warp and decline to be opened; marble chimney-pieces become suddenly detached from the wall behind them. In short, the external disorder only foreshadows internal discomfort. Of course, when houses of this class are intrusted to efficient hands, under the management of an honest builder, the case is very different; but judging from the average condition of what are called second class dwelling-houses, we believe that we have drawn no exaggerated picture of their state.

The shop-fronts of London indicate a still greater disregard of the first principles of construction. In former days, when the British tradesman's place of business and residence were under the same roof, a modest display of goods was deemed sufficient for the ground-floor, and nowise interfered with the stability of the superstructure; but at the present time, when each draper and silversmith wants to make a greater show than his neighbour, all semblance of strength is banished from the street level. Everything is given up to plate glass. Now plate glass is an excellent material in its way, but we cannot expect it to support three or four storeys of solid brickwork. To meet this requirement, therefore, iron columns and iron girders are introduced, and, as artistic effect must yield to the stern necessities of commercial life, it would be idle to urge any but practical objections to the system. Such objections, however, are not wanting. The nature and properties of iron, although well studied by scientific engineers, are but imperfectly understood by the public. In addition to the chance of



a flaw in the casting, or any of those more obvious contingencies to which stone and wood are also subject, one fact stands pre-eminently forward. Every schoolboy knows that iron expands with heat and contracts with cold. Let us suppose any large mansion in Belgravia or a West-end draper's establishment attacked by fire; iron has been profusely introduced in its construction, and is affected in the ordinary way; the engines arrive and distribute water over the premises. Can any one doubt what the result would be? The ironwork thus suddenly cooled must, of necessity, be liable to fracture, and if the whole building tumbles to the ground, it need be no matter of surprise to those who are acquainted with the secret of its structure.

It is quite time that these evils should be remedied by legislation. The present Building Act must either be quite inadequate for the purpose, or they whose business it is to see it fulfilled are singularly remiss in their duty. It would not be difficult to strengthen our argument by artistic considerations, but we are content to leave it in a practical form. It is unpleasant to live within ugly walls; it is still more unpleasant to live within unstable walls; but to be obliged to live in a tenement which is both unstable and ugly is disagreeable in a tenfold degree. An Englishman's house was formerly said to be his castle. But in the hands of the speculating builder and advertising tradesman, we may be grateful that it does not oftener become his tomb.

#### THE GAS MONOPOLY.

WHEN London was first lighted with gas, now nearly half a century ago, the increase of illumination over that afforded by the old oil-lamps was so great that people were not unnaturally astounded, and thought that thenceforth night would be abolished from our streets. Those of the present day who are old enough to recollect the former state of things, still talk with something of youthful fervour about the magnificent radiance cast over our streets from the orderly rows of lamps, and are so strongly impressed with the superiority of the existing arrangement over the earlier that they seem content to let matters remain where they are. We of a younger generation, however, are not so well inclined to take a flattering view of our street illumination. We have no recollection of winking oil-burners to serve as a dark background to our modern gas-lamps, and we can only consider the latter on their own merits, and with reference to what we require for the ordinary needs of life. Thus regarded, we find—we were going to say a *glaring* imperfection, but that would be manifestly incorrect; so we will merely write, a great and grievous shortcoming. There can be no doubt that we have not light enough in our streets, and that we only obtain enough in our shops, warehouses, and places of public amusement, by going to an expense far beyond what we ought to be called on to incur. Our great thoroughfares, after the shops are closed, show black and dismal, and a short-sighted man has to look very sharply about him to save himself from being run over—such vehicles as do not carry their own lamps, which few do, being scarcely distinguishable until close at hand. It is disgraceful that even to this day Londoners should have cause to bless themselves for moonlight nights, which, though they may be no longer required as a protection against foot-pads (except when a garotting fever has possessed the souls of our ruffians), are certainly useful in saving us from many a step into an otherwise unseen puddle or mud-bank. And yet we pay enough for our inadequate gas-supply. We pay at the rate of 4s. 6d. per one thousand cubic feet, while Liverpool only pays 3s. 4d. for gas which, according to the statement of the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall meeting the other day, is vastly stronger and more effectual. The cheaper gas of the northern city, it appears, gives, for every thousand cubic feet, a light as intense as that supplied by twenty-five candles; while the dearer gas of London is only, on the same measurement, worth nine candles. How is this? If it is asserted that the greater proximity of Liverpool to the coal districts of the north makes the difference, it is sufficient to answer that in Plymouth, which is still farther than London from those districts, the price of gas is only 2s. 9d. the one thousand cubic feet, and that in most of the large provincial towns the price is more than thirty-two per cent. less than it is here in the metropolis. At Manchester the corporation have taken the manufacture and supply into their own hands, and they now furnish the consumer with gas at 2s. 9d. One of the speakers at the meeting—Mr. Flintoff, who said he represented an association consisting of more than 5,000 gas consumers—entered into some calculations which, if they were correct, show the

egregious rate at which we are being overcharged for a bad commodity. He stated that "One ton of coal, costing the London companies 14s., yielded 9,400 cubic feet of gas, and that the residual product of this ton of coal sold for 11s., leaving 3s. as the cost of the raw material for 9,400 cubic feet of gas, or about 4d. for one thousand feet." To this, of course, must be added the cost of labour, plant, and distribution; but it is clear that such a charge as 4s. 6d. per thousand cubic feet can have no legitimate warrant in the expenses of production. The truth is that the manufacture of gas is a monopoly, and the gas companies charge us pretty well what they please, and give us a bad commodity to boot. We are starved in light for the same reason that we are insufficiently supplied with water—because we are at the mercy of irresponsible corporations. Fifteen years ago, the Government was obliged to threaten the water companies that, if they did not serve the public better, their privileges would be taken away from them; and since then matters have somewhat improved, though there is room for considerable further improvement. The gas companies must be similarly frightened, or they will assuredly do nothing.

The object of the meeting in the City was to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament for the total repeal of the Metropolitan Gas Act of 1860. A resolution to that effect was carried, and thus one step has been taken towards the removal of a gross abuse.

#### THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XIV.—THE DIOCESE OF EXETER.—No. 1.

##### THE BISHOP.

A FEW years ago, the stranger in the House of Lords never failed to notice among the lawn sleeves a right reverend prelate whose physiognomy bore testimony to a singular pugnacity of disposition. No one could be mistaken in supposing he belonged to the Church militant. If tithes, Irish Church temporalities, the exclusion of Dissenters from civil offices, or Dissenters' marriages were in question, this combative prelate always rose in his place to oppose concessions and foment religious animosities. As years rolled on and the infirmities of age grew upon him, the old man was less frequently in his place. Yet it seems but the other day that the aged prelate came to the table of the House of Peers, although suffering under severe pain and indisposition, to oppose some bill which, as he deemed, imperilled the safety or the usefulness of the Established Church. The venerable Bishop was ghastly pale. In the midst of his speech he was compelled to pause by some sharp spasm of physical suffering. It seemed as if he were likely to die upon the floor of the House. A friendly peer handed him a glass of water, and whispered a recommendation that he should postpone his speech until he was in a condition to do greater justice to the subject. But the spirit of the man rose superior to physical pain. He was there to do his duty, and do it he would. He waited until the momentary pang had passed away, and then concluded his speech. Not an epithet or an argument did he spare his opponents, who, not for the first time, included two or three colleagues upon the episcopal bench. The combative and determined prelate was the Right Rev. Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter. What he was in the beginning of his clerical and political career he will be to the end. He has entered upon his eighty-eighth year. His place in the House of Lords knows him no more. At his very advanced period of life he may now be considered as having retired from the world, although he still performs the imperative duties of his high office. Yet the spirit of combativeness, litigiousness, and contention will always prevail in him over the spirit of lowliness, of peace, and love. In his last moments the clerical controversialist, the political pamphleteer of the Regency, the hater of Nonconformity, the despotic prelate, are more likely to flash out, from the pertinacity of the man and the habits of a life, than the Christian virtues and graces of a Fénelon or a Francis de Sales.

The diocese of Exeter includes the two counties of Devonshire and Cornwall, the whole population of which, by the census of 1861, did not exceed 844,000 souls. The Bishop has enjoyed the see since 1830. He is a man almost unequalled upon the episcopal bench for talent, eloquence, and energy. His cathedral staff is powerful in point of numbers and ability. His parochial clergy will, as a body, bear a comparison with



those of any other diocese for Church feeling and energy. And yet there is not a diocese in England where the *odium theologicum* has been more rampant, or where differences of opinion on religious subjects are disfigured by greater personal animosities. Nowhere is Nonconformity more powerful than in the diocese of Exeter. In some counties, and particularly in the manufacturing districts, the Dissenters may be numerically stronger; but a more resolute stand against the political rule of the Church has nowhere been made than in the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall. We do not speak now of the dissensions he has occasioned among his own clergy, or the scandal which the Bishop has from time to time brought upon the Church by his high-handed, overbearing, and intolerant method of dealing with his clergy. We speak of the influence exercised by the Nonconformists within the diocese, especially among the working classes, and we venture to assert that it exceeds that of the Church of England, notwithstanding the immense energy shown by the latter in different populous localities to establish her supremacy. The friends of the Bishop would assert that the safety and advancement of the Church of England have been the ruling passion of his life; that since his election to the see no bishop could have pleaded her cause more energetically; that he has aroused a great amount of talent in her defence. And yet it can hardly be doubted that a man of far humbler capacity, working quietly and conscientiously in the spirit of love, peace, and conciliation, would have advanced the interests of the Church more, and left his diocese in a better spiritual and political condition.

The key to the Bishop's character is a certain passion for unpopularity. He defends this, on scriptural principles, in his "Views on Cathedrals." After remarking on cathedral observances, he says, "Are we, I ask, to be told that ordinances such as these will now be opposed by many of the noble, many of the powerful, and not a few even of the professed statesmen of the day? That rampant Protestantism rejoices in fixing ugly names on those who hold them, and hounding on the ignorant multitude to give even more substantial marks of their displeasure—in plain English, are we to be told that these things are very unpopular? But is it the Church's business to be popular? Is popularity the best test of its usefulness? There was once a teacher (was said I), blessed is His holy name! There is a teacher, for His word is an ever-living word, who warned his followers, 'If the world hate you, you know that it hated me before it hated you. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'"

The prelates of Queen Victoria's reign hold in abhorrence the persecuting temper of a Bonner or a Gardner, and guide themselves by another and different injunction—as much as in them lieth to live in peace and charity with all men. But the Bishop of Exeter has never proposed to himself to make the Church popular in his diocese, or to make his administration beloved either by clergy or laity. With the Evangelical portion of his clergy he has been in a state of chronic misunderstanding. Yet it happens oddly enough that, as the Bishop became first known as the violent opponent of Catholic Emancipation, and obtained the bishopric of Exeter for giving his assent to that measure, so he who for so many years has been regarded as the champion of the extreme High Church party in the Church of England, at first regarded Low Church principles with a favouring eye. Nothing could possibly have been more Evangelical than his first charge. Though Dissent was, he said, somewhat extensive in his diocese, he found comfort in remembering that it was orthodox. He also mentioned the case of an Independent minister at Torquay proposing to join and being received into the Church of England, with the whole of his congregation, so little real difference of opinion did there exist on doctrinal points between them and the Established Church. His clergy looked at each other and then at their new bishop, and a large portion of them feared that he was inclined to behold Dissent with too much leniency. They soon found reason to change their opinion. If any one had hinted to them that the Bishop would live to prosecute one of his clergy for becoming a Dissenter they would have been as much astonished as Bishop Shute Barrington, if he had been told that his political chaplain, then boiling over with vehement prejudices against the Roman Catholics, would one day write in defence of Catholic Emancipation.

Even a slight epitome of the quarrels and litigation between the Bishop and his clergy would far exceed our limits. He is the Bishop in whose favour the story of George Selwyn has been revived. The story went that a mad dog had bitten a certain pugnacious prelate, upon which the wit said "he was sure it would be found that the Bishop began the quarrel."

From the very commencement of his episcopal career he has never emerged from any enterprise or action of importance without making more enemies than friends. Unluckily his enemies have too often become the enemies of the Established Church as well. His admirers would not care to inscribe upon his tomb the fact, that the whole Bench of Bishops together, since 1830, have not gone through so much litigation as Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter. His dealings with such of his clergy as hold Low Church doctrines seem to have been exceedingly tyrannical and vexatious, especially those who would not accept his extreme views on baptismal regeneration.

Let us take, for example, the case of the Rev. C. C. Layard, Chaplain to the Trinity Almshouses, Mile-end. Mr. Layard, a gentleman of irreproachable life and great energy as a minister, had been appointed by Sir John Kennaway to the perpetual curacy of Escott, in the parish of St. Mary, Ottery. The Bishop having had due notice given him of the appointment, Mr. Layard was requested to submit to an examination. The questions put to him were numerous and somewhat complicated, but if not answered in a perfectly satisfactory manner according to the rev. prelate's theological views, they did not warrant his rejection. At last, however, one exceedingly abstruse question was put by the Bishop on his favourite baptismal topic, which was not answered to his satisfaction, and Mr. Layard was dismissed. On reconsidering the question after he had left the Bishop's presence, Mr. Layard began to doubt whether his answer had been sufficiently explicit, or rather whether he had not conveyed a wrong impression of his meaning. The more he considered the subject, the more he became convinced of the fact that his answer was hardly understood in the manner he had worded it, and he wrote a letter to the Bishop's chaplain more clearly expressing his views on the question. The chaplain appeared to consider the explanation as perfectly satisfactory. Not so, however, the Bishop. He still doubted the soundness of Mr. Layard's doctrines, and insisted on a second examination. To this Mr. Layard demurred, and after much correspondence on the subject, he at last gave up the idea of accepting the living, and retired from the contest in disgust.

His suit with the Rev. Mr. Gorham obtained great notoriety, and lasted for ten years. The Bishop examined Mr. Gorham for eleven long days on the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and then refused him institution to his living. The lawyers of Doctors' Commons and the divines of the Church exhausted their erudition and ingenuity in debating the question. It was at length solemnly declared by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that the Bishop had acted illegally and wrongfully, and that Mr. Gorham must be instituted to his living. The Bishop refused to do his duty and conform to the law. The Archbishop of Canterbury interfered, exercised the power with which he was vested, and instituted Mr. Gorham to the living. The Hildebrand of Exeter solemnly and deliberately excommunicated the Primate of all England and Metropolitan of his Church! His clergy assembled at the triennial visitation in May, 1851, were electrified and confounded by hearing their bishop declare, that he had renounced and cut off the Archbishop of Canterbury from catholic communion, as "a fautor of heretical tenets, and guilty of the voluntary betrayal of his sacred trust." This was the man so impatient of contradiction, so exacting of the respect due to himself and his sacred office from his own clergy, and who, as Bishop, had most solemnly sworn to pay "all due reverence and obedience" to his Archbishop! The Bishop thought it not inconsistent with his oath to chide the Archbishop in several fresh pamphlets, concerning which the present Earl Russell said:—"I think it is because Archbishop Sumner is known to be a man of great mildness and Christian forbearance that such language is used against him." The Bishop, not satisfied with railing at his Metropolitan and excommunicating him, summoned a diocesan synod—to wit, an assembly of delegates chosen by a minority of the clergy, and proposed to them to pass resolutions declaring that the act of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was a denial of the Articles of the Church. What is more serious still is, that if a dozen clergymen known to entertain Mr. Gorham's opinions were presented to livings in his diocese, the Bishop would refuse to institute them all. Whether it is seemly for a Bishop to condemn and despise the laws of the realm our readers must determine for themselves.

The grievance of Mr. Shore did not obtain the notoriety of the Gorham case, yet the Bishop perhaps, in Mr. Shore's case, even more wantonly defied public opinion within his diocese. Mr. Shore (a clergyman of the Church of England) had been presented, by the late Duke of Somerset, to a living in the neighbourhood of Totnes, where a new church had been built but not yet consecrated. As Mr. Shore, whose character as a



Christian minister was unblemished, was of strong Evangelical tendencies, the Bishop refused his licence, and proposed putting in his place a clergyman of High Church views. The Duke objected, and, taking advantage of the church not having been consecrated, registered it as a Dissenting chapel, and invited Mr. Shore to officiate in it. Mr. Shore accepted the invitation. The Bishop, highly indignant at his behaviour, considering it as a direct act of clerical rebellion, applied to Sir John Dodson for his opinion. "I am of opinion," said Sir John, "that a priest in holy orders, although avowing himself a seceder therefrom, may be committed to prison for contempt of court in preaching as a Dissenting minister, contrary to the lawful monition of the court." The Bishop, acting on this advice prosecuted Mr. Shore, *à l'outrance*, never giving up the point till he had obtained the full satisfaction allowed him by the court.

This vindictive proceeding made the Church many enemies. Mr. Shore was regarded as a martyr. The law permitted the Bishop to prosecute him for becoming a Dissenter, but it was asked whether the law would not equally have given him the right to prosecute any of his clergy for going over to the Church of Rome? No one ever heard, however, of even a threat from the Bishop against the clerical perverts to Romanism. It must in candour be stated that although more than one of his clergy have openly seceded from the Church and become Roman Catholic priests, the perverts have not been so numerous among his clergy as in several other dioceses that could be named. It is commonly said among the country people that "if it is a Pope the parsons want, they need not go so far as Rome for him—Bishopstowe is much nigher at hand."

A libel case arose out of the Totnes (Mr. Shore's) persecution. The Bishop in the House of Lords accused the Duke of Somerset of having violated a solemn promise to endow and convey that edifice to the Established Church. The present Duke, then Lord Seymour, went down to Totnes, and sternly declared at a public meeting that the Bishop had told a "deliberate falsehood." Mr. Latimer, proprietor of the *Western Times*, published a report of this speech with an article that brought upon him a criminal prosecution for libel. The defendant pleaded a justification. The Bishop did not hesitate to go into the witness-box, and was examined by Mr. Cockburn, now Lord Chief Justice, as to his transactions with the Duke of Somerset. The case was tried before a special jury, and it so happened that the majority were by no means of Mr. Latimer's way of thinking in politics. They were, however, honest men, and they gave their verdict according to their consciences, and irrespective of any party feeling. The issue was whether the Bishop had spoken the truth or not, and the special jury decided against the Bishop. This trial excited intense interest, and generated not a little bad blood and ill-feeling against the Bishop. That reverend prelate was fully equal to the occasion. He declared the jurors to be prejudiced, ignorant, and wilful, and accused them, by implication, of being biassed by personal feeling against him, and of having forgotten the obligations of their oath.

Of his other controversies we can only indicate that which he waged against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the bishopric of Hereford, his dispute with Archdeacon Sinclair, and his pamphlet supporting, against a sermon by his Dean, the auricular confessional of Mr. Prynne, who prescribed for penance to a young lady to kneel down and lick with her tongue the shape of a cross upon a dusty floor. When the Low Church party and the Nonconformists were alarmed at the Romanizing tendencies of Miss Sellon and the Devonport Sisters of Mercy, the Bishop took an active part in the inquiry, and addressed Miss Sellon in language of the most enthusiastic laudation. Yet he ceased afterwards to be a visitor of the institution, although he still continued to give it his countenance and support. In the winter of 1844 he ordered all his clergy to wear their surplices in the pulpit when they preached. A panic was raised in the diocese, which spread throughout the land. The people feared that Popery was again to prevail in the Church.

An anecdote is told, characteristic of the man. The scene is a church at Torquay; the Bishop is present, but not officiating, and he sits with the congregation. The officiating clergyman ventures to soften to ears polite the phrase "eat and drink their own damnation." He reads it "condemnation." A voice is heard energetically exclaiming "DAMNATION!" The whole church is startled. But it is not a profane epithet they hear: it is the voice of the Bishop in rebuke of the officiating minister. "How do you like your novels?" asks the author of the Roundabout Papers. Mr. Thackeray's answer is, "I like mine strong, 'hot with,' and no mistake." This is also, no doubt, how the Bishop likes his Communion Service.

Another practice which has been charged against him is certainly very difficult to defend—that of objecting or delaying to confirm institutions till the legal time has passed, and then claiming the patronage for himself by reason of lapse. If this had occurred in only one instance, we should have omitted mentioning it; but we have heard so many complaints of transactions of the kind which remain uncontradicted, that we cannot refuse to allow some of them full credence. Perhaps the most notorious case of the whole was that of Stockland. The facts stated are, that the title-deeds were submitted to the Bishop for inspection, who detected a flaw, and claimed the patronage, giving the living to his nephew. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, this gentleman was a most improper person for the appointment; and it quoted strong reasons in support of the opinion. Even after his appointment, he gave great dissatisfaction.

The Bishop is not unconscious that he is approaching the end of his long earthly pilgrimage, and perhaps feels that he has many sins and infirmities of temper to answer for.

The poet compares the human mind in its last hours to the inmate of some poor cottage "battered and decayed," who—

"Sees light through widening chinks which time has made."

Perhaps the right reverend prelate has never said anything more eloquent, more beautiful, and more impressive than his language to his clergy in a late address:—

"And now, my friends," he said, "I bid you heartily farewell. Again, I say that we cannot expect often to meet—probably this is our last meeting on earth; may we all meet in that world where earthly distinction will have ceased; where many of you, the faithful and laborious curates, will occupy a higher rank than your erring bishop! Meanwhile, I have not shunned to declare unto you, with whatever human weakness—sometimes, it may be, with too much of human passion—the whole counsel of God, so far as my poor lights could attain unto it. May He accept, with mercy, every attempt to set forth His truth! and may His Holy Spirit enlighten our minds to see it, and soften our hearts to receive it in lowliness, in peace, in love."

To this prayer who will not heartily cry AMEN?

## FINE ARTS.

### MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has set his face sternly against all the conventionalities in painting ever since he became an artist; like a venerable Luther of his art, he seems to denounce all plenary indulgences by the perfect trust and reliance he places in the facts (truths he would call them) he nails upon his canvas with such downright muscular emphasis. In the little exhibition of his own which has been established in Hanover-street, may be seen his last works, some of which, if not quite representative of his first, are, at any rate, closely similar to them, while what would be termed his "middle manner," which is by far his best, is, unfortunately for his reputation, not represented at all, in consequence of the absence of his one really great work, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." This picture, however, we must take to be sufficiently well known and appreciated during some years of exhibition to prevent our doing any injustice to Mr. Hunt in remarking upon his last-painted pictures, and chiefly upon the application of his principles to portraiture in the large picture called "The Children's Holiday." In this picture Mr. Hunt has made the experiment of painting his portraits of the lady and her children in the open air and in broad daylight. The background of the picture is a green paddock attached to a gentleman's house, with a grove of chestnut-trees leading almost straight up the centre, where are introduced two of the little children feeding some pet deer. This part of the picture is painted in the same hard, matter-of-fact style as the foreground where the portrait subjects are. Here the mamma stands at a tea-table covered with a white cloth, on which are the silver urn, the china cups and saucers, and other objects, all painted with the most careful study from the real things—not a reflected bit of colour in the polished surface of the urn seems to have escaped the painter—not a sparkle of light from the sky above. Few masters of the Dutch school could surpass this work in the minuteness of its study; but we do not remember ever to have seen such objects painted by a Dutch artist under the effect of broad daylight. The Dutch painters chose to paint them, but it was generally, if not always, as forming those pictures of interiors which certainly have a peculiar charm. Mr. Hunt, it will be observed, does not attempt this, and never has in any of his pictures, though much of his work has no higher aim; but there is a delicacy in the Dutch interiors which we look for in vain in this open-air painting, and no doubt this was an advantage which the Dutchmen had the taste to perceive. A tea-table in a room spread as this is, would show an infinity of gradations of light and shade and colour, harmonizing with the tone of the apartment, and deriving a peculiar charm from the richness and depth of colour which are not seen in the glare of open daylight. For the same reason, the play of colour over the other accessories of the picture which Mr. Hunt has so profusely



introduced, would have been far more pleasing and suggestive had the picture been painted in the ordinary light of an apartment. Then, as to the portraits. Surely no one would pretend to say that a lady's face is more beautiful when exposed to the broad light of day, when there is no shadow to relieve the features, and the complexion loses its transparency, becoming brighter it may be, but at the same time harsher. We are aware it is a favourite maxim with painters of this school to say that everything should be painted in the open air; but it is precisely contrary to the practice of all other artists, especially in portraiture. Rubens, in the picture now at the British Institution, of himself and his wife in a garden, evidently never intended to paint his picture in the key of bright daylight; and in the famous portrait of this same wife, Helen Forment, known as the "Chapeau de Paille," the great charm of the picture is in the painting of the features seen under the shade of the broad straw hat. We should say that a hat is so becoming to ladies because it throws the face into shadow and gives an effect of light-shade, which adds an artistic charm to the beauty of the wearer. Thus while the artist in this portrait-picture of "The Children's Holiday" has very unnecessarily deprived himself of much that is becoming to the person of his sitter, and conducive to the general picturesqueness of his work, he has not succeeded in showing that this way of treating portraiture has anything to recommend it. There is a stiffness and set arrangement about the whole work particularly unpleasant to the eye, and this effect is not lessened by the glare and glitter and the want of shade and repose throughout the picture. As to portraiture after this manner, it is precisely the reverse of what it ought to be; if possible it is more inanimate and materialistic than the photograph, and we cannot say that Mr. Hunt's imitative faculty for colours is well employed in portraiture. We could imagine that a portrait painted in the minute manner of those wonderfully-studied rabbi in "The Saviour in the Temple," might satisfy the chief conditions of portraiture; though this is doubtful; for whenever the artist is absorbed in painting appearances only, he is pretty certain to miss the far more distinctive marks which the mind expresses upon the countenance of his sitter. The best portrait-painter is he who converses with his sitter while his hand and eye, unconsciously as it were, follow their craft in tracing the features on the canvas. In this way the portrait-painter performs his highest function of working from the ideal impression he gets of his sitter's mind and disposition. We must say that in these portraits of Mr. Hunt's we can see painted images and nothing more; if the picture is to be estimated for the amount of still-life painting in it, then it will certainly not add to the reputation of the artist.

The other pictures exhibited with this portrait-piece are "The Awakened Conscience," a picture which brings out his "first manner" into the strongest relief, and shows to what a preposterous perversion painting may be put. It was a mistake in choice of subject to paint a picture of an idiotic "swell" disporting himself at the piano in company with a wretched red-haired "Traviata," but to paint the picture in all its coarse reality was a still greater error. We might pardon indelicacy if it were associated with great beauty in a picture, but there is something especially intolerable in a conjunction of the deformities of vice with so much that is offensive to the proprieties of art. "The Light of the World," in which the artist, in determining to be symbolical, has represented Christ as a watchman with a lantern, knocking at a Gothic door at the hour of dawn, presents an idea of the watchman too absurdly suggestive of commonplace to be accepted in lieu of the eastern watchman who cried the hour from the lofty minaret on the house-top. "The After-glow in Egypt" is a really beautiful piece of brilliant colouring, wonderful as a work of manipulation; and in this respect surpassing perhaps in force the colouring in the "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," but with nothing of the sentiment of that picture.

The picture of the illuminations on London-bridge on the occasion of the entry of the Princess of Wales into London can only be pronounced an ambitious failure at an unworthy attempt. There are passages, as in the moonlit sky, of beauty; but otherwise the picture is generally a very poor representation of the scene, and rather coarse in the treatment. When Mr. Hunt numbered himself among the pre-Raphaelites—that sect which we have seen gradually end in dissolution, after passing through a sufficiently long and wearisome course of ascetic discipline, the head of the order having positively come back into the true fold of the Academy—none surpassed him in the violence of his assaults upon artistic beauty. Think for a moment of the "Claudio and Isabella," with Claudio standing on one leg, in an attitude at once awkward and ridiculous; or "The Hireling Shepherd," in which the figures and every object are obviously painted in as deliberate a contempt for beauty as Margaritone, or any one of the Byzantines, would have shown in his ignorance of paintings and of all the true purposes of art. The "Scene from Two Gentlemen of Verona" was scarcely further removed from this category, and yielded as little as possible to the amenities of painting. But "The Scape-goat," painted while the artist was imbued with the romantic beauty of the East, where men talk in parables and legends to this day, was a remarkable picture, and showed that it was the work of a thinker as well as a painter. Several years of close study at Jerusalem of the facts, the persons, and the objects, enabled Mr. Hunt to paint his great picture of "The Saviour in the Temple;" and in this he achieved the point at which he aimed, in the application of the realistic principle of painting to a grand religious subject, and in uniting with this mode of execution

expression of the highest order. Whether this admirable picture satisfies all the requisites of a work of art of such pretensions, may be a point of debate; but there can be no difference of opinion as to its surprising interest and merit amongst the works of modern art. Feeling this, we must confess to no small disappointment with the pictures now exhibited, which show neither the motive nor the faculty of his first work.

#### MUSIC.

THE last concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir took place on Thursday week, with an interesting, but by no means novel selection, the most important item in which was Mendelssohn's beautiful psalm for a double choir, "Judge me, O God," one of the set which he composed for the Berlin "Dom-chor." A supplemental concert is to be given by this institution on July 13 in aid of the choir.

The closing performance of the Handel Festival on Friday week was perhaps, on the whole, the most satisfactory of the series. "Israel in Egypt" offers so many instances of broad, massive choral effect, that the gigantic body of choristers assembled on this occasion must be more clearly and intelligibly heard in such music than in compositions of a more elaborate and rapid character. The performances generally of the whole three days presented a decided improvement over the Festivals of previous years, a difference no doubt owing to the universal training and rehearsing, which, as we have already said, is one of the good results of the scheme.

At the Royal Italian Opera Madame Galletti has scarcely realized the high hopes entertained of her—with all her merits, and she has many, she does not fill the void left by Madame Grisi's retirement.

At Her Majesty's Theatre "Il Flauto Magico" was produced on Thursday last—we reserve our notice until next week. It appears now improbable that "Tannhäuser" will be brought out this season; doubtless Signor Giuglini's prolonged illness has had something to do with this result—which, however, is more than compensated by the production of such works as Cherubini's "Medea" and Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte."

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

A NEW domestic drama in two acts, called "Through Fire and Water," has been produced at the Adelphi, as well as a new American actor, named Mr. J. E. Owens. The drama has been written by Mr. Walter Gordon to provide Mr. J. L. Toole with a part of serious interest, resembling those once played by the late Mr. Robson. It wants humour—a fatal defect in pieces of this class—and is weak, wordy, and badly constructed. The chief character, Joe Bright, a fireman, who saves a child at a fire, brings her up as his own, falls in love with her when she grows up, and whose awkwardness in confessing his love is increased when he finds that she is a rich heiress, is more happy in idea than in execution. It is set in a story which is confused with mysterious documents hidden in boxes, and more mysterious pedigrees, and has no chance of exhibiting itself with any force, except in a drunken scene much like one or two that we had at this house in "The Workmen of Paris." The story is stagey, and the characters are more stagey. Mr. Toole worked very hard, as he always does, to make something of this fireman, but he only succeeded in producing a few isolated dramatic effects. Miss Woolgar represented a self-willed woman—the sister of the fireman—with a good deal of jerky spirit, and Mr. Billington played genially as her lover. The piece has been much condensed since the first night, but its chief faults are a want of character and interest, and a redundancy of somewhat mawkish sentimentality.

When Miss Bateman introduced "Geraldine" at this house, we thought we had seen the worst play ever imported from America, but we had not then made the acquaintance of "Solon Shingle." This new one-act farce or drama, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday last, is worse than "Geraldine," but its badness gives rise to an original dramatic idea. We never saw a piece, until we saw "Solon Shingle," in which the chief character had nothing whatever to do with the plot, but came in when and how he liked, and interrupted its progress with humorous speeches and action. This is the leading peculiarity of a play which now takes its name from this obtrusive character, although it was originally called "The People's Lawyer" when it was first represented in America. Solon Shingle is an old New Jersey farmer, muddled with drink and tobacco, elaborately made up and elaborately acted by Mr. Owens. He is essentially a character, real and life-like, whose peculiarities are not offensively American. Mr. Owens is evidently an actor of considerable humour and powers of observation and construction. His style is French and self-possessed—there is nothing hurried about it. We object very much to the vulgar puffery which has heralded his approach, but he is the most hopeful comedian we have yet seen from America. We shall look for his appearance in other characters and plays with much interest.

The Olympic has been provided with a new three-act romantic play by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "The Serf; or, Love Levels All," in which well-known stage characters are presented to us with a conventional Russian colouring. Serf-life in Russia may have novelty to recommend it to ordinary playgoers, but as represented at the Olympic we cannot say that it has a very agreeable interest. The serfs are



fancifully abject, the masters are fancifully brutal, and there is about as much truth in the play as a sketch of life, as there was in the pictures of poor-law cruelty in "Oliver Twist." If any individual had been libelled as Mr. Tom Taylor has libelled the Russians in this drama, he would have brought an action for damages; but nations can be misrepresented with impunity.

The plot of the "Serf," which bears a passing resemblance to that of a play with the same name, adapted from the German of Raupach, and produced at Covent Garden more than thirty years ago, hardly justifies the title. A countess falls in love with a young artist, the artist turns out to be a serf, is claimed by his young "lord"—a rival and enemy—weakly leaves France to go to Russia to seek his freedom from the hands of this young man's father, finds the father dead, endures all kinds of indignity with not too much spirit, is followed by the countess, who struggles with her love, hesitates to head an insurrection of the serfs, is discovered at last to be no serf at all, but the legitimate son and heir of his late lord, a great serf proprietor, and worthy of the hand of the countess. There is no muscular strength in this play—no whirlwind of passion. Love levels nothing. The first act is pretty and compact; the third act staggers under a load of complicated action. The dialogue is not well sustained at a very high literary level, and the minor characters are mere uninteresting shadows. The play rests entirely on the shoulders of Miss Kate Terry, Mr. Neville, Mr. Horace Wigan, and Mr. Vincent. The two first represent the lovers; Mr. Wigan acts an old, discontented, scheming serf with artistic care, and Mr. Vincent gives the villain of the piece—the young lord—the utmost amount of offensiveness. The stage-management in the last act might be easily improved, without going to sensational extremes.

On Wednesday night Mr. H. Neville took his benefit at this house, when a new burlesque was produced, called "Glaucus, a Tale of a Fish," written by Mr. F. T. Trail, a son of the well-known Greenwich magistrate. "Glaucus" is a classical burlesque, founded on the style of Mr. T. C. Burnand, and it is a creditable effort for an untried author. We believe that Mr. Trail, in starting as a writer of extravaganzas, is supplying a market that is gradually withering, but he may gain dramatic experience in this low walk of art, and then rise to something higher. The acting was of the average kind, calling for no comment. The Olympic is terribly in want of a good low comedian.

Mr. Jefferson, the well-known American comedian, is in London, and there is a probability of his appearance at the Haymarket Theatre in the autumn.

The announcement (made by some of our contemporaries) that Mdlle. Stella Colas will appear at the Haymarket during Mr. Montgomery's short season is an error. That young lady has been compelled to go to the Pyrenees for the benefit of her health, having suffered from a long and severe season in Russia.

Mr. Fechter, we believe, is preparing a new drama, founded on the "Bride of Lammermoor." There is some talk of Madame Judith appearing at his theatre.

We may note that a new form of applause is becoming common in our London theatres. The audience, when pleased with any expression or sentiment uttered by the actors, rarely clap their hands and shout "bravo!" but adopt the Parliamentary expression, "hear! hear!" The election season may have something to do with this, but we heard the new cry long before the appeal to the country.

#### "THE ART JOURNAL" FOR JULY.

MR. RUSKIN'S series of papers, "The Cestus of Aglaia," comes to a temporary stop in the current number of the *Art Journal*. Disappointed in not having received a single answer to the question which he propounded at the commencement, respecting the proper character and use of the black outline, and being "tired of writing without help," he proposes to suspend the discussion until next January. His present chapter is as unsatisfactory as those which have preceded it. The greater part consists of a long and vehement tirade against freedom. Mr. Ruskin objects to what is commonly called "freedom" in the style and mechanical handling of artists, and contends that all good drawing is the result of restraint. The first consideration with respect to every line that is drawn, he says, is whether it is right or wrong. "If right, it most assuredly is not a 'free line,' but an intensely continent, restrained, and considered line; and the action of the hand in laying it is just as decisive, and just as 'free,' as the hand of a first-rate surgeon in a critical incision." This is surely nothing better than quibbling with words. By freedom, in the artist sense, is clearly not intended freedom from truthfulness in the end to be attained, but that natural flexibility of hand and absence of conventional rules which is supposed to be best adapted for the attainment of a truthful result. The O of Giotto, to which Mr. Ruskin alludes, is not a case in point. A circle is a figure admitting of no freedom whatever. It must either be rigidly done or badly done. But in the forms and actions of men and animals, and in the outlines of trees and plants, there is an irregularity, a suppleness, a fluctuating and vital movement, which can only be rightly expressed by the freedom of the artist's hand from merely mechanical motions, such as might be made by a pair of compasses. Mr. Ruskin cannot be ignorant that this is what is meant by "freedom"—not a mere license to do whatever the artist likes; yet, with his characteristic love of quarrelling over words, he chooses to assume the latter. So, also, with his remarks

on freedom in the more general sense of the expression: he must know very well that, when men demand liberty, they do not require exemption from all law, but only freedom from vexatious and arbitrary restrictions, which simply cramp the individual and injure society; yet he talks as if we all wished to be left to cut each other's throats without restraint, and seeks to make some distinction—which, as far as it is not futile, is already conceded—between the liberty that is good and the liberty that is bad. All this is idle and wilful in the last degree; but it occupies the greater part of the chapter. Towards the conclusion, we have an interesting and beautifully written comparison between Leonardo da Vinci and his reputed pupil, Luini, in which the superiority of the latter over the former is warmly asserted. The placid and truthful life of Luini, "from day to day enlarging in power and peace," and finally "passing away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining yet, arched far against the night," is contrasted with that of Turner, who, with glorious powers, was compelled to vulgarize his style to please ignorant patrons, and with that of other English artists, spoiled by eccentricity or egotism.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall discourse of Sydney Lady Morgan; the articles on "Modern German Painters" are continued, with wood-cut specimens; and the three steel plates are Faed's "Words of Comfort," Linnell's "Labour" (a pleasant rendering of a charming subject), and Turner's "Battle Abbey," very harshly and chalkily engraved.

#### SCIENCE.

M. FUSTER alleges that he has discovered a complete cure for phthisis. His remedy consists simply of raw mutton or beef, deprived of tendon, and given with diluted alcohol. The dose varies from 100 to 300 grammes per diem. The new remedy is said to produce after a short time the most marvellous results.

A very curious paper upon the origin of dwarfism in animals has been written by M. Dareste, and read before the French Academy. The cause of dwarfism the writer supposes to be an accelerated development. His experiments were conducted upon hen-eggs which were undergoing incubation. Of a number of eggs which were being hatched some underwent their completion more rapidly than others, and these M. Dareste examined. On the 3rd of June, at two o'clock, he opened the shell of an egg which had been placed for incubation at ten o'clock on the morning of the 2nd. The embryo had been some time dead, so that the entire duration of its life could not have extended over more than from twenty-four to twenty-six hours. Nevertheless it had attained a condition of development which under ordinary circumstances must have taken sixty hours to arrive at. The left side of the head was bent upon the vitellus, though the rest of the body had its ventral surface applied to the vitelline mass. This precocious embryo was exceedingly small, and its measurements were far below those of ordinary embryos which have attained a similar degree of development. M. Dareste, employing the expressions of M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, shows that embryonic phenomena are of two kinds: first, the formation of definite organs from a structureless mass—this is *development*; and, second, the increase of their organs—*growth*. If the latter process be in excess of power, a giant is produced; but if the former, a dwarf is the result.

A new poison has been examined and reported on by M. Pélikan, of St. Petersburg. The plant which produces it comes from the Gaboon, and is used by the natives of that locality to poison arrows with. It belongs to the natural order *Apocynaceae*, and produces its injurious action almost exclusively upon the heart. M. Pélikan's experiments were made upon the common frog, and they have led him to the following conclusions:—

(1) The poison produces at first an increased action of the heart. (2) After awhile the pulse decreases in frequency, and the heart soon entirely ceases to beat. (3) The cessation of action is not regularly progressive. (4) When the ordinary action of the heart has been completely arrested, the ventricle still exhibits peculiar movements, which appear to be peristaltic. (5) When the ventricle has completely ceased to act, and is strongly contracted and empty, the auricles, though full of blood, continue to contract. (6) Finally. The paralysis of the heart has nothing in common with cadaveric rigidity. When once paralyzed, this organ does not respond to any stimuli, whether mechanical, chemical, or electrical, applied either directly or to the nerves.

The great work which was so nearly accomplished by Grant and Speke has just been completed by another of our fellow-countrymen. The second source of the Nile has been discovered by Mr. Baker, the friend of the distinguished traveller, who through so unfortunate a chance lost his life last year in Somersetshire. The Lake of the White Locusts has been reached and explored, according to the intelligence received at the Foreign Office, and conveyed to the Geographical Society by Sir Roderick Murchison. The "Luta Nzige," which Mr. Baker has found, is that body of water which Speke regarded as a sort of westward elbow of the White Nile. Those who have read Captain Speke's writings are aware that the White Nile is the true river, that which is called the Blue Nile being little more than a tributary of the main stream. Speke's great feat was the discovery of the White Nile's source, which he found to be in the southernmost part of the Victoria Nyanza lake. At the south extremity of the great mountain basin, he and Grant beheld the river taking its origin in a gigantic cataract—the Ripon falls. On inquiring of the Arabs, they were told that a large lake lay to the westward, and



the discovery of an important river, the Kitangule led Speke to suppose that the latter must have been an elbow of the White Nile or a species of backwater. Instead, however, of attempting to explore it further, he travelled northwards, contented with having discovered what he considered to be the true source of the Nile. Following on the river, he and Grant at length arrived, in February, 1863, at Gondokoro, where they were met by Baker, who was coming to their assistance; having, as Speke described, "hoped to find them on the equator in a terrible fix." In the course of the conversation which ensued, Baker was told of the suspected "backwater," which the Arabs termed "Luta Nzige," and, parting from his friends, he travelled southward, and succeeded in reaching the "Lake of the White Locusts." Mr. Baker has given the newly-discovered basin a name in uniformity with that of the corresponding lake—he has termed it the "Albert Nyanza." The White Nile may, therefore, be looked on as pretty completely explored. It appears to arise from two great lakes, whose latitude is nearly the same,—the one, "Victoria Nyanza," to the east, and the other, "Albert Nyanza," to the west. Full particulars of Mr. Baker's discovery have not reached us, but we trust soon to lay the matter in detail before our readers.

We understand that steps are being taken to form a new Microscopical Association. It is considered by those who are about to constitute the junior society that the parent body is too exclusively devoted to the pursuit of human histology and kindred subjects. The new association will consist chiefly of amateurs, and proposes to encourage microscopic inquiry in its widest sense. The general gathering for the appointment of officers and council was held on Friday, July 7th, at St. Martin's National Schools, Charing-cross. We wish the new association every success, and we see no reason why it should not become exceedingly popular, for it represents a large body of unprofessional workers who have no proper status in the old society.

#### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

##### THE EQUITABLE AND SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE INSURANCE OFFICES.

THE managers of these societies have lately had a semi-friendly, and also a semi-hostile correspondence, which has been published, and which is now before us.

At a meeting of the members of the "Scottish Widows' Fund," one of the directors made a speech in which, like every one else connected with that society, he greatly glorified it; also, like some other people connected with the same society, he did not stop short at glorification, but forgetting, or tempted to disregard, the saying that comparisons are "odorous," he launched forth into a comparison of the "Scottish Widows' Fund" with the "Equitable," and showed, so far as the example of his own experience of each office up to that time could show, that it was a much better thing to join the "Scottish Widows' Fund" than the "Equitable." The director in question (the Hon. A. Leslie Melville) further amused the meeting by giving an account of what took place at a meeting of the members of the "Equitable," in which, according to his account, he had a little passage-at-arms with Mr. Morgan, the actuary of that society, which terminated in the manifest confusion and discomfiture of the latter gentleman.

This speech was published and advertised by the Scottish Widows' Fund, with all the laughter and cheers it provoked or which illustrated it.

Mr. Morgan, the actuary of the Equitable and an F.R.S., who in both capacities lives rather in an atmosphere of serene and not ill-satisfied contemplation, than in one of aggressive jubilation, did not like this, and very naturally. Mr. Morgan would not—we must not say as a gentleman, for that would appear to import a charge on Mr. Raleigh, the actuary of the "Scottish Widows' Fund," of falling short of what is proper to a gentleman, but he would not, let us say, as a man of science and chief administrator of the time-honoured old "Equitable," have condescended to the attempt of catching the public eye, and gaining perhaps a little business thereby, by comparing his society with any other going, to the disadvantage of the latter. But he belongs, not by age, but by habits and feelings, to a bygone generation, whilst Mr. Raleigh is an able and accomplished representative of a more stirring and aggressive, and withal less modest, school of actuaries. Accordingly he took all possible advantage of Mr. Melville's speech, and published it in the advertisements of the society.

No one, we suppose, will wonder that Mr. Morgan did not like this, but he went two steps beyond not liking it. He entered into a correspondence about it with Mr. Raleigh, and published afterwards "a reply to the statements circulated in the recent advertisements and prospectus of the 'Scottish Widows' Fund Society' respecting the 'Equitable.'" Mr. Raleigh replied to the reply, and also published the correspondence. Mr. Morgan had objected to the accuracy of some of Mr. Melville's statements, and Mr. Raleigh showed that the

most important of them was true, and the others, it seemed tacitly agreed, were not worth further inquiry and correspondence. Mr. Melville's statement was that he had insured his life thirty-two years back in the "Equitable" and "Scottish Widows' Fund" offices to the extent of £2,000 in each office, and that he would now, if he died, be £709 better off by the insurance he had effected in the "Scottish Widows' Fund" than by that which he had effected in the "Equitable." That is to say, that the additions made to his "Scottish Widows' Fund" policy were £709 more than those which had been made to his "Equitable" policy. Mr. Melville also stated, which is undeniable, that he had paid a larger premium to the "Equitable" than to the "Scottish Widows' Fund." He made the statement also so as to elicit the laughter as well as the applause of the meeting, and Mr. Raleigh thought it in perfect good taste, or if not in perfect good taste, at least so advantageous as to induce him to dispense with the requirements of good taste, to publish speech, cheers, and laughter in the advertising columns of the *Times*.

Mr. Morgan, misled by the tables of past and prospective additions published by the "Scottish Widows' Fund" previously to this year's meeting, challenged the accuracy of Mr. Melville's figures, and was very triumphantly set right by Mr. Raleigh; for, as a matter of fact, Mr. Melville's policy had, by the partial success of Mr. Sturrock's exertions (and Mr. Sturrock's speech, not being so laudatory of the "Scottish Widows' Fund" or so agreeable to Mr. Raleigh, was suppressed), been increased by the sum of £96. 5s. 8d. by the resolutions passed at the last annual meeting. This recent addition was unknown to Mr. Morgan, and he fell an easy prey to Mr. Raleigh, who further improved his victory by showing that the policies taken out in the "Scottish Widows' Fund" since the year 1817 would, if they now became claims by the decease of the insured lives, yield larger additions than policies taken out in corresponding years in the "Equitable" by sums varying between 20 and 158 per cent. Mr. Raleigh does not notice that the different systems and periods of division adopted by the two offices render such a comparison an unfair one, and that the more correct way of testing the actual position of the insurers in each office would be to exhibit the values of their policies for sale or surrender. He was probably aware that such a comparison would not turn out so much to the advantage of his office.

Thus far Mr. Raleigh walks over the course jubilant and triumphant, but we doubt whether he does not push his apparent victory too far when he notices the "Tontine" system adopted by the "Equitable," whereby large prizes may, by "possibility," be yielded to a few, and reproaches Mr. Morgan with quoting, which he never did, such cases, as if they were average examples of what policy-holders are generally to expect.

Mr. Morgan will, no doubt, feel it necessary to answer this charge, and in doing so he will, no doubt, notice the great disproportion of the additions granted by the "Scottish Widows' Fund" on old and more recent policies, and inquire *how many* policies in that office have received the much larger bonuses. He will, perhaps, also show how unfair and deceptive it is to compare what two different systems have done, without taking into account the value of the future share of each policy in the accumulated funds of the respective societies.

We shall give no further particulars of this interesting contest between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Raleigh, but say a few words for our own clients—the public. The truth, then, is that both these gentlemen live in glass houses, and that it was not wise of Mr. Raleigh to throw a stone at Mr. Morgan, nor of Mr. Morgan to get angry and have a fling at Mr. Raleigh.

Both gentlemen are with great ability administering scientifically indefensible systems. Under the guise, and performing with success some of the functions of a life insurance office, each society partakes so largely of the "Tontine" character as to defeat to that extent the true object of life insurance. The larger the bonuses each is able to show on its old policies as compared with its new, the more will it prove that its members have died without receiving the benefit their premiums should have purchased for them. Taking Mr. Morgan and Mr. Raleigh to represent their offices, we are obliged to say that those gentlemen are very much alike, especially Mr. Morgan.

If Mr. Morgan would now examine the history of the great Society which he worthily represents, he will see that its foundations were laid by men of science, and that the intention of saving up for posterity was not within the scope of their intentions. We think that he will feel bound to admit that it was never intended by the founders of the Society that, of two men paying the same premium, the executors of one should receive £1,000, and those of another £6,000 or £7,000.

We recommend a very similar line of study to Mr. Raleigh,



and with better hopes of his benefiting by the recommendation, because, as we learn, he has already, urged by the persevering energy of Mr. Sturrock, one of the members, greatly altered and improved the system of the society. In fact, we believe it to be greatly due to the exertions of that gentleman that Mr. Raleigh has been able to swell his bonuses by additions made from the guarantee fund. Mr. Sturrock, we believe, wanted to go much farther down the road on which Mr. Raleigh has accompanied him some distance. We are not called upon to say how much further it would be to the advantage of the members and the public that Mr. Raleigh should go, but we are persuaded that all the money withdrawn from members for the manufacture of large future bonuses is just so much perverted from the true objects of life insurance.

#### JOINT-STOCK SPECULATIONS: THEIR VALUE AND PROSPECTS.

##### NO. II.—FINANCIAL ASSOCIATIONS AND DISCOUNT COMPANIES.

WE last week reviewed the success which had attended the joint-stock banks which had been established since 1861, and we showed that whether we regarded them with or without comparison with the joint-stock banks established prior to that year, their value in the market distinctly proved that there was no demand for them; that the public had banks enough already without the creation of new ones; that enterprise in this direction was a mistake; and that people with money to invest had better keep it in their pockets than risk it upon speculations of this kind. Of course, when the new were compared with the old banks the case against the former became much stronger than it was without such comparison. The proof was overwhelming that no new banks were wanted, and that the argument drawn by projectors from the great success of the old ones, was an argument against the creation of others, not an argument in their favour.

We have this week to deal with another class of speculation—Financial and Discount Companies; and as in the case of the joint-stock banks, we did not ask our readers to take our statements without offering proof positive in the shape of tables framed upon the share lists in support of them, so with regard to the financial and discount companies we again "speak by the card." And again we have to say to investors who, tempted by flattering prospectuses and large dividends, think they cannot do better than put their money into a financial association or a discount company—"Beware! look before you leap!" The Table which we append to this article, showing the present state of these companies, discloses but a part, and by no means the most serious part, of the injury which the establishment of many of them has inflicted on the public. If we carried our inquiry back to an earlier date, we should find that the shares of nearly all these companies, which are now hardly saleable at any price, were at one time marked at high premiums, and that thousands of persons bought and sold them at exorbitant prices. They were for the most part heralded into existence under the sanction of so many influential names, and their prospectuses disclosed fields of enterprise so marvellously prolific, and promising the rapid acquisition of such wealth, that their success became in a moment almost magical, and a large portion of the press and of the public forget alike their duty and their self-respect, until speculation was expanded beyond the limits of safety. Not before a vast deal of irreparable mischief had been done, the reaction came. Premiums became discounts, and though the companies still continue to pay large and attractive dividends, and perhaps yield, as a class, higher rates than any other joint-stock investments, the public have now lost all faith in the soundness of their transactions and in the necessity for their existence. Of twenty-two Financial Associations established since 1861, the market value of nine had increased by £1,624,375 in March upon a paid-up capital of £3,587,500. In the same month, the market value of thirteen of these associations showed a decrease of £590,000 upon a paid-up capital of £1,775,000. In June, only six associations showed an increase in the market value of their shares—an increase of £1,374,100 upon a paid-up capital of £2,925,000; making an aggregate decrease between the total increase in March and the total increase in June of £250,275. Again, in June, fifteen associations showed a decrease in market value of £1,297,750 upon a paid-up capital of £2,468,000.

If we turn to the discount companies, we find in every one of them a depreciation in the market value of their paid-up capital. The Consolidated Discount, Limited, shows in March and June a loss in market value of £100,000 upon a paid-up capital of £200,000. The Discount Corporation, Limited, upon a capital of £200,000, showed a market value

in March of £140,000, a decrease of £60,000; which was further increased by June to £70,000. For the state of the three other companies we refer our readers to the table. When we last week examined the state and prospects of the joint-stock banks, we were able to institute a comparison between those established before 1861 and those established since. With regard to the discount companies, we have, with the exception of one company, no means of comparison. But that exception—the National Discount Company—shows a remarkable contrast. Upon a paid-up capital of £600,000, it stood in March at a market value of £1,710,000, and in June, at £1,920,000. All its successors have been losers to a disastrous extent. How these financial and discount companies manage to pay their shareholders dividends, passes our powers of comprehension. Yet we find, for instance, that the East India Land, Credit, and Finance Company is paying 7 per cent. dividend; the English and Foreign Credit, 10 per cent.; the London Financial, 15 per cent., and the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier, 90 per cent. for its first dividend, and 40 per cent. for its second—dividends "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Is there not here a clear case made out, not only for believing that financial and discount companies, like the new joint-stock banks, are in great and, to their shareholders, disastrous excess of the demand for them, but also that their management should be thoroughly investigated. It is not our purpose in these articles to single out individual companies for remark; but when, for example, we find that the Contract Corporation and the Financial Corporation, with a total paid-up capital of £350,000, have fallen in market value to £48,750, there must be something radically wrong in the principles upon which they have been managed, or some other cause at work which we have no means of explaining. So tremendous a loss cannot be wholly owing to the overstocked state of the market. In such associations we are unable to compare new companies with old ones, because they have all been established since 1861. But comparing them with one another, the fact that while some have made considerable progress, others have gone so deplorably to the wall, can hardly be explained on any theory exculpatory of their management. For if we turn to the General Credit Society, Limited, established in 1863, we find a marked success. The market value was in March £1,562,500 upon a paid-up capital of a million, and though in June it sustained a depreciation of £62,500, there was still a gain of 50 per cent. upon the capital. All the other companies, with the exception of the Imperial Mercantile Credit and the International Financial, may be regarded as more or less weak and unsuccessful imitations.

How is it that such great disasters as those that have befallen the Contract Corporation and the Financial Corporation have come to pass? Associations of the kind we have been considering are a modern invention. So far as such they transact for the banks a legitimate business, which bankers do not care to undertake, and thus fill up a gap which would otherwise be vacant—as is the case of those that assist large public works, or of those which, like the Maritime Credit and the Marine Investment, lend the bankers money on shipping: a class of security which bankers do not care themselves to take owing to the attention and trouble it involves—so far their business is legitimate. Such operations may very properly form the object of a special machinery, and, in supplying it, financial associations will be a benefit to the public. But when they step beyond such a limit, and direct their attention to the creation of other joint-stock companies, which may or may not be necessary, but which, for the moment, it pays them to call into existence, they then become not only a nuisance in themselves, but a fruitful source of other nuisances, an occasion of public scandals, and the cause of wide-spread moral and commercial degeneracy. This is a matter of the very greatest importance. It is well known that a large portion of the business of these associations consists in the introduction of joint-stock companies, to which they lend the weight of their capital and influence, thereby vouching for the truth of the representations which are put forth under their auspices. But this guarantee is perfectly illusory. It is notorious that they do not make that searching investigation which they are morally—and, if ever the question is tried, it may also turn out "legally"—bound to make into the statements and prospects of the companies they bring forward, before recommending them as an investment to the public. A striking example of this negligence and default is to be found in the Humber Iron Works Company. It was strongly recommended to the investing public by the Imperial Mercantile and Crédit Mobilier Companies; and the parties subscribing to it were informed in the prospectus issued by these companies that contracts had been entered into of a highly remunerative character.



Such was the profession. But the fact was that the contracts, so far from being taken at remunerative prices, were let at ruinous prices, and to this circumstance the directors of the Humber Company, in their recent report, ascribe the disastrous failure of their undertaking. This is far from being an isolated in-

stance of reckless and unwarrantable sponsorship. The truth is that financial associations look upon the companies they introduce as Hodge looked upon his razors, which were not made to "shave" but to "sell." But is such a state of things to be tolerated?

## FINANCIAL ASSOCIATIONS FOUNDED SINCE 1861.

Name.	Paid-up Capital, Mar. 1865.	Further Calls.	Paid-up Capital, June 1865.	Market Value in March.	Progress to March.		Market Value in June.	Progress to June.		Progress between March and June.	
					Increase.	Decrease.		Increase.	Decrease.	Increase.	Decrease.
Birmingham Financial, Limited	£ 125,000	...	£ 125,000	£ 143,750	18,750	...	£ 140,600	15,600	...	£ 3,150	...
Contract Corporation, Limited	200,000	...	200,000	120,000	...	80,000	30,000	...	170,000	...	90,000
Crédit Foncier & Mobilier of England	500,000	...	500,000	925,000	425,000	...	887,500	387,500	...	...	37,500
Crédit Foncier of Mauritius, Limited	100,000	...	100,000	72,500	...	27,500	70,000	...	30,000	...	2,500
East India Land Credit and Finance	150,000	...	150,000	110,000	...	40,000	100,000	...	60,000	...	10,000
English and Foreign Credit	150,000	...	150,000	90,000	...	60,000	90,000	...	60,000	...	...
Financial Corporation, Limited	150,000	...	150,000	28,125	...	121,875	18,750	...	131,250	...	9,375
General Credit, &c., Limited	1,000,000	...	1,000,000	1,562,500	562,500	...	1,500,000	500,000	...	...	62,500
Imperial Mercantile Credit Association, Limited	500,000	...	500,000	662,500	162,500	...	712,500	212,500	...	50,000	...
International Financial Society, Limited	750,000	...	750,000	937,500	187,500	...	993,500	243,500	...	56,000	...
Liverpool Finance, Limited	125,000	...	125,000	106,250	...	18,750	106,250	...	18,750	...	...
London Financial, Limited*	600,000	...	600,000	840,000	240,000	...	130,000	...	470,000	...	710,000
Marine Investment, Limited	40,000	22,500	62,500	30,000	...	10,000	37,500	...	25,000	...	15,000
Maritime Credit, Limited	50,000	...	50,000	65,000	15,000	...	65,000	15,000	...	...	...
National Financial, Limited	100,000	...	100,000	70,000	...	30,000	65,000	...	35,000	...	5,000
Oriental Financial Corporation, Limited	100,000	...	100,000	30,000	...	70,000	30,000	...	70,000	...	...
Ottoman Financial Association, Limited	100,000	50,000	150,000	80,000	...	20,000	90,000	...	60,000	...	40,000
Public Works Credit, Limited	60,000	...	60,000	50,625	...	9,375	48,750	...	11,250	...	1,875
Société Financiers d'Egypte	300,000	...	300,000	247,500	...	52,500	195,000	...	105,000	...	52,500
South African Land & Financial, Limited	50,000	...	50,000	62,500	12,500	...	...	...	...	...	...
Staffordshire Financial, Limited	12,500	7,500	20,000	13,125	625	...	18,500	...	1,500	...	1,625
Warrant Finance, Limited	200,000	...	200,000	170,000	...	30,000	150,000	...	50,000	...	20,000
Totals	5,362,500	80,000	5,443,000	6,416,875	1,624,375	570,000	5,478,850	1,374,100	129,7750	106,000	106,1025

\* Amalgamated with Oriental Commercial Bank.

Showing, to March, 1865, an increased value (average) of £1,054,375, or 19 per cent. in favour of the shareholders; but to June, 1865, an increased value of only £3,585, or '6 per cent. in favour of the shareholders.

## DISCOUNT COMPANIES FOUNDED SINCE 1861.

Name.	Paid-up Capital, Mar. 1865.	Paid-up Capital, June 1865.	Market Value in March.	Progress to March.		Market Value in June.	Progress to June.		Progress between March and June.	
				Increase.	Decrease.		Increase.	Decrease.	Increase.	Decrease.
National Discount Company, Limited (Established in 1856)	£ 600,000	£ 600,000	£ 1,710,000	1,110,000	...	£ 1,920,000	1,320,000	...	£ 210,000	£ ...
Consolidated Discount, Limited	200,000	200,000	100,000	...	100,000	100,000	...	100,000	...	...
Discount Corporation, Limited	200,000	200,000	140,000	...	60,000	130,000	...	70,000	...	10,000
Financial Discount, Limited	60,000	60,000	24,000	...	36,000	24,000	...	36,000	...	...
Joint-Stock Discount, Limited	800,000	800,000	680,000	...	120,000	700,000	...	100,000	20,000	...
London Mercantile Discount, Limited	50,000	50,000	20,000	...	30,000	10,000	...	40,000	...	10,000
Totals	1,310,000	1,310,000	964,000	...	346,000	964,000	...	346,000	20,000	20,000

Showing a loss of £346,000, or 26 per cent. to the shareholders; or, excluding the larger company (Joint-Stock Discount) from the list, of 51½ per cent. of the capital.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 1½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·17½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is rather more than one-tenth per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 428½ per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13·7½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, about three-tenths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is about 110½ per cent. At this rate there is a small profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Consols are now quoted 90¼ to ¾, ex div., for money, and 90½ "buyers," ex div., for the account (Aug. 8).

In Colonial Government securities, Canada 6 per Cents. (January and July, 1877-84) fetched 86½ ex div.; 5 per Cents., 84 ex div.; Cape of Good Hope 6 per cents. (April and October, 1900), 92¼; Ceylon 6 per Cents. (1878), 109 8½; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 90½ ¾ ex div.; Queensland 6 per Cents., 104 3½ ex div.; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 110 ½.

Bank shares have been generally steady. A slight improvement has taken place in Alliance, Bank of Otago, British and Californian, European, and Provincial Banking Corporation new shares; but Standard Bank of Africa, Bank of New South Wales, and Mercantile and Exchange Bank shares, have receded.

As regards the shares of the financial companies, heaviness prevailed. London Financial declined 5s., and most of the others 2s. 6d. per share. The closing quotations are annexed, viz.:—International Financial, 1¼ to ½ prem.; General Credit, 1 9-16 to 11-16 prem.; London Financial, 7½ to ¾ prem.; Imperial Mercantile Credit, 2 3-16 to 5-16 prem.; Crédit Foncier and Mobilier, 3½ to ¾ prem.

The biddings for 25,00,000 rupees in bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were, to Calcutta, 17,41,000 rupees; to Madras, 35,000 rupees; and to Bombay, 6,60,000 rupees. The minimum price was as before, 1s. 10½d.

on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 10½d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras, at and above 1s. 11½d., and on Bombay at and above 2s. will receive in full.

On the release of the dividends, which commences to-day, some millions of money will, in the aggregate have to be repaid to the Bank of England on account of the loans and advances made by that establishment during the last few weeks. Nevertheless, it is believed that the supply of money in the discount market will be increased.

A return has been issued showing that the duty paid on insurances against fire in England in the year 1864 was £1,455,222. 19s. 11d.; in Scotland, £125,136. 6s. 6d.; and in Ireland, £76,085. 9s. 3½d.

The United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company, after endeavouring to carry out a uniform shilling rate for messages of 20 words, irrespective of distance, have felt themselves compelled to give way, and now announce that the rates for 20 words from the 10th inst. will be—100 miles and under, 1s.; above 100 and up to 200, 1s. 6d.; and above 200, 2s.

With reference to the market for American securities, Mr. E. F. Satherthwaite reports as follows:—"The business in the London market for American securities has been active since our last, though in amount scarcely up to the average of the past few weeks. United States 5.20 Bonds have ranged between 71 and 72½, any further advance in them being checked by the fact that they are relatively about 6 per cent. higher here than in New York. In Illinois and Erie shares the transactions have been numerous, and there has been good buying of the former to secure the stock and cash dividends which will be paid in New York on 1st August; the last price is 85½ to ¾, a rise of two dollars on the week. Erie remains steady at an advance of about a quarter of a dollar."

Mr. Reuter's telegram, dated St. Petersburg, July 4, gives the following quotations:—Exchange on London, 3 months, 32 15-16; Hamburg, 3 months, 28½; Amsterdam, 3 months, 1. 58½; Paris, 3 months, 334½. New Imperial Loan, 106; Imperiales, 617, quiet. Tallow for future delivery, nothing doing; do. on the spot, 20,000 puds at 46½; do. for shipment at 46.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BELLE BOYD.\*

THE name of "Belle Boyd" is well known, to all who took an interest in the late civil war in America, as that of a young Virginian lady who threw herself enthusiastically into the Confederate cause, rendered to it important services by more than once conveying valuable information to General Jackson and other Southern leaders at the risk of her life, and was punished for her devotion to the cause of her country by more than one incarceration in a Northern prison. In these volumes we have from her own pen the story of her daring deeds, her hairbreadth escapes, and her unmerited sufferings. It is a narrative of extreme interest, and it is all the more attractive because it is natural and unaffected. Miss Boyd—or rather Mrs. Hardinge—tells us, without any pretence to the refinements or the art of literary treatment, just what she did, thought, and felt; and, as we read, we see her before us as the warm-hearted, impetuous, courageous, but affectionate and sensitive, woman that she is. It would, of course, be unjust to subject such a book to the tests by which it would be right to try the results of more formal authorship. It is by no means a faultless production; it contains many passages that are overstrained and exaggerated; there is a tendency to a tone of querulous complaint; and we certainly note a disposition to make the most of the harshness and rudeness of the Northern officers with whom the heroine was brought into unpleasant contact. But we have no heart to indulge in any severe or detailed criticism of such a book at the present moment. Tenderness is due to the vanquished, and especially to a lady who was and is evidently in earnest, and who makes up completely for any defects or failings by the frankness, vigour, and *naïveté* with which she writes.

When the late civil war broke out, Miss Boyd was living at home with her parents at Martinsburg in the Shenandoah Valley. Her father attached himself to the 2nd Virginian regiment, which was hardly formed before it was marched off to Harper's Ferry in order to defend that State against the invasion with which it was threatened. The Confederates were, however, unable to hold their own. General Jackson and the forces under his command were compelled to retreat up the Shenandoah Valley. They were closely followed by the Federals, who occupied Martinsburg, and conducted themselves—as might be expected of newly-levied and undisciplined troops—with great rudeness and violence towards the inhabitants. Miss Boyd was obliged to defend herself and her mother against these outrages, and she certainly showed no want of spirit and energy in this emergency:—

"A party of soldiers, conspicuous, even on that day, for violence, broke into our house and commenced their depredations; this occupation, however, they presently discontinued, for the purpose of hunting for 'rebel flags,' with which they had been informed my room was decorated. Fortunately for us, although without my orders, my negro maid promptly rushed upstairs, tore down the obnoxious emblem, and, before our enemies could get possession of it, burned it.

"They had brought with them a large Federal flag, which they were now preparing to hoist over our roof in token of our submission to their authority; but to this my mother would not consent. Stepping forward with a firm step, she said, very quietly, but resolutely, 'Men, every member of my household will die before that flag shall be raised over us.'

"Upon this, one of the soldiers, thrusting himself forward, addressed my mother and myself in language as offensive as it is possible to conceive. I could stand it no longer; my indignation was roused beyond control; my blood was literally boiling in my veins; I drew out my pistol and shot him. He was carried away mortally wounded, and soon after expired.

"Our persecutors now left the house, and we were in hopes we had got rid of them, when one of the servants, rushing in, cried out—

"'Oh, missus, missus, dere gwine to burn de house down; dere pilin' de stuff ag'in it! Oh, if massa were back!'

"The prospect of being burned alive naturally terrified us, and, as a last resource, I contrived to get a message conveyed to the Federal officer in command. He exerted himself with effect, and had the incendiaries arrested before they could execute their horrible purpose.

"In the meantime it had been reported at head-quarters that I had shot a Yankee soldier, and great was the indignation at first felt and expressed against me. Soon, however, the commanding officer, with several of his staff, called at our house to investigate the affair. He examined the witnesses, and inquired into all the circumstances with strict impartiality, and finally said I had 'done perfectly right.' He immediately sent for a guard to head-quarters, where the *élite* of the army was stationed and a tolerable state of discipline preserved."

Soon after the occupation of Martinsburg, she commenced that course of conduct which gained for her the name—of which she was not unnaturally proud—of the "rebel spy." Her residence within the Federal lines and her acquaintance with many of the officers enabled her to gain a good deal of information as to the position and designs of the enemy. Whenever she heard anything that she deemed worth communicating, she committed it to writing, and sent the note by a messenger to General Stuart or some other Confederate officer. It was not long before one of these letters fell into the hands of the Federals; but they do not seem, on this occasion at any rate, to have treated her with harshness. She was simply summoned to head-quarters, and warned of the punishment to which, by the laws of war, every spy, whether male or

female, is liable. For some months after this, no adventure of any importance fell in her way; but she was then arrested on the charge of being a "spy," and was sent to Baltimore. Notwithstanding however, that she provoked her captives by a most imprudent and petulant exhibition of the Confederate colours, she seems to have been treated with great kindness and consideration. She was detained but a short time, and was then allowed to return to Martinsburg. Here she was, naturally enough, subjected to strict surveillance, and, finding her position extremely uncomfortable, she procured a pass to go by Winchester to Richmond. The Federal general at Winchester had his head-quarters in the house of Miss Boyd's aunt, and, by availing herself of a hole which had been bored through one of the floors, she managed to overhear the whole of the proceedings at a council of war preparatory to an expedition against General Jackson. The moment the council was over, she saddled her horse, and, regardless of the cordon of Federal sentries, galloped off in the direction of the Confederate lines. After a hard night's ride, she found Colonel Ashby, imparted to him the information she had gained, and then, turning her horse's head, made the best of her way back to Winchester, which she reached, without being detected, shortly before daybreak. This was no slight achievement for a young and delicate woman; but it was quite thrown into the shade by a subsequent feat. She was at Front Royal at the time when Jackson commenced the celebrated march in the course of which he drove the Federals completely out of the Shenandoah Valley. From information which she acquired, she saw that it was of the utmost importance that the Confederate leader, whose advanced troops were then so near Front Royal as to be skirmishing with its defenders, should move in a particular direction. No one would have undertaken to carry a letter through the Federal lines, and to run the risk of being shot by the pickets of either one side or the other, as they crossed the space between the two armies. Miss Boyd, therefore, determined to be her own messenger. She soon cleared the town, and found herself in the open country. But, before she had gone far on her way towards the Confederate lines, she was perceived by the Federal pickets, who were then rapidly falling back. They immediately opened a heavy fire upon her, and in addition to this she was exposed to a cross fire from both the Federal and Confederate artillery. A shell from the former struck the ground within twenty yards of her feet, and its fragments were of course sent flying in all directions around her. Still she went on undauntedly, and at last reached the Southern lines in safety. Her information proved of the highest value, for it suggested to General Jackson one of his brilliant flank movements, and enabled him to secure certain bridges, the possession of which was essential to the rapid pursuit of the flying Federals.

The Confederates gained for a time the possession of the Valley, but they could not hold it. Front Royal, like other places, fell once more into the hands of the enemy. For a time, however, Miss Boyd continued to reside there; and it is only fair to the Federals to say that, notwithstanding the reputation she had by this time acquired, she was not molested or ill-treated, until she was again detected in sending information to the Southern generals. It is not at all surprising that she should then have been arrested, and sent to Washington. She had, no doubt, a moral right to assist her countrymen by all the means in her power; but, on the other hand, the Federals could not be expected to tolerate the presence within their lines of so troublesome and so formidable an enemy. We are therefore quite unable to sympathize with Miss Boyd's complaints in regard to her removal to Washington and her imprisonment there. She was undoubtedly treated with some rudeness and coarseness by the detective officer who was charged with her custody during the journey; but we do not think that Mr. Stanton can fairly be made responsible for the bad manners of his subordinate agents. She certainly did not suffer any unkindness at the hands of the gaoler of the prison to which she was consigned at Washington, although she did her best to irritate her captors by hanging up a Confederate flag in her room. The sentinels who were placed over the prisoners were not so humanely disposed; and by one of these men she was brutally threatened, and by another still more brutally struck. Still, when we recollect what political persons have suffered, before now, in the gaols of Prussia, Austria, France, and even England, we cannot say that we think Miss Boyd had much to complain of in the course of her short imprisonment at Washington. She was, in fact, only confined for a few days, and was then exchanged, and sent back to Richmond. There she was enthusiastically received by her fellow-countrymen; and she received the honour of a commission as captain and aide-de-camp to General Stonewall Jackson.

For some months her life was rather uneventful; but when the Federals again occupied Martinsburg, after the battle of Gettysburg, she was once more arrested and sent to Washington. Over the incidents of this confinement, interesting as some of them were, we most reluctantly pass. She was eventually released, and left for Fortress Monroe, on her way to Richmond, on the 1st of December, 1863. At Fortress Monroe, she had an interview with General Butler, and the scene which occurred is so characteristic of both parties that we must give it in her words:—

"In a short time I was escorted from the boat to the Provost-Marshal's office, passing between a company of negro soldiers, who were filed on each side. Thence I was taken into the fortress, to Butler's head-quarters, and, after waiting a short time, I was conducted into his august presence.

"He was seated near a table, and, upon my entrance, he looked up and said, 'Ah, so this is Miss Boyd, the famous rebel spy. Pray be seated.'

\* Belle Boyd, in Camp and Prison. With an Introduction by a Friend of the South. Two vols. London: Saunders & Otley.



"Thank you, General Butler, but I prefer to stand."

"I was very much agitated, and trembled greatly. This he noticed, and remarked, 'Pray be seated. But why do you tremble so? Are you frightened?'"

"No; ah! that is, yes, General Butler; I must acknowledge that I do feel frightened in the presence of a man of such world-wide reputation as yourself."

"This seemed to please him immensely, and, rubbing his hands together and smiling most benignly, he said, 'Oh, pray do be seated, Miss Boyd. But what do you mean when you say that I am widely known?'"

"I mean, General Butler," I said, "that you are a man whose atrocious conduct and brutality, especially to Southern ladies, is so infamous that even the English Parliament commented upon it. I naturally feel alarmed at being in your presence."

"He had evidently expected a compliment when I commenced to reply to his inquiry, but, at the close of my remarks, he rose, and, with rage depicted upon every lineament of his features, he ordered me out of his presence."

Soon after her arrival at Richmond, Miss Boyd received intelligence of the death of her father. Her health gave way under this new trial, and after in vain trying to renovate it by a tour in the Confederate States, she determined to seek complete repose and change of scene in a journey to Europe. She was entrusted by President Davis with despatches, and with these in her possession she left Wilmington in May. She was not, however, destined to run the blockade. The *Greyhound* was sighted, pursued, and captured by a Federal cruiser. The prize was taken to Boston, and by the time she arrived there Miss Boyd had become captive in a new sense. Lieutenant Hardinge, the Federal officer in command, had sought and won the heart of the fair "rebel," and their mutual love was plighted before she left Boston for Canada on her way to England. It only remains to add that they were married a few months later at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

The latter part of the second volume is occupied by an account of Lieutenant Hardinge's adventures and sufferings during a journey to the United States, which he undertook soon after his marriage for the purpose of communicating with his wife's relations in Virginia. Interesting as this is, we cannot, however, do more than refer to it in the most general terms. It contains a lively, but we must say a most disagreeable, picture of the prisons to which Confederate soldiers or sympathisers of the male sex were consigned; and it places in a strong light the meanness and harshness of the authorities by whose orders Lieutenant Hardinge was subjected to every kind of indignity, merely because he had chosen to make a Southern lady his wife.

#### ENGLAND AS SEEN BY FOREIGNERS.\*

THOUGH not containing much that is illustrative of Shakespeare (as the title-page would lead one to infer), the goodly quarto compiled and edited by Mr. William Brenchley Rye, of the British Museum, is a work of great interest, showing what "the intelligent foreigner" thought of us in the times of Elizabeth and James I., and containing some very curious details respecting the chief historical characters of those days. It is singular to note the various traits in our national disposition which early travellers from abroad discovered, or fancied they discovered. These are sometimes entirely in accordance with what we now pretty well know to be our national defects, while at other times they seem to indicate, either that our tendencies and habits were very different then from what they are now, or that the observers reported erroneously. Froissart, for instance, says of the English people of his era, that they were so proud of themselves that they thought nothing of any nation but their own—a characteristic which has certainly not yet departed from the less educated; and to the same old writer is attributed the observation that even in their amusements the English were very sad (*moult tristes*)—a complaint brought against us by our French friends to this very day, though we doubt its truth. On the other hand, our ancestors are described by Herr Schassek, the secretary to a Bohemian baron who made a "pilgrimage" to England in 1466, as "so cunning and faithless that a foreigner would not be sure of his life amongst them;" to which it is added that "a Briton was not to be trusted even on his bended knees." In the book of travels of Nicander Nucius, a native of Corcyra, we are said to be "full of suspicion." Emanuel van Meteren, who settled in London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, likewise speaks of our suspicious character, and charges us with being "very inconstant, rash, vainglorious, light, and deceiving"—all of which are faults, on our freedom from which we specially pride ourselves. Another remark by this worthy Dutchman strikes us as equally singular. "The English," he says, "are a clever, handsome, and well-made people, but, like all islanders, of a weak and tender nature!" Furthermore, "they are full of courtly and affected manners and words, which they take for gentility, civility, and wisdom." Our women he taxes with idling, gossiping, and card-playing; "and all this with the permission and knowledge of their husbands, as such is the custom. . . . The girls who are not yet married are kept much more rigorously and strictly than in the Low Countries." Might one not suppose that this was written of

the French, rather than of ourselves? Nicander speaks of our "rabble" as turbulent and barbarous, and especially hating the French, towards whom "they entertain not one kindly sentiment of goodwill," though friendly towards Germans, Flemish, Italians, and Spanish—an observation which would have been equally true less than fifty years ago. Andrea Trevisano, Venetian ambassador to this country in the reign of Henry VII., gives an account of us which is touched off to the life. "The English," he says, "are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them; they think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner they say that 'he looks like an Englishman,' and that 'it is a great pity that he should not be an Englishman;' and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him 'whether such a thing is made in THEIR [qy., his] country.'" This is a complete anticipation of Mr. Podsnap. From several of these old writers, moreover, we hear of our fondness for feasting on a large scale, and for a heavy style of feeding; and Schassek says that Queen Elizabeth Woodville, on a certain occasion, "ate nigh three hours" her women all the while kneeling by the table, and not a word being spoken by any one. Most of our visitors do justice to our valour and sturdiness, and some charge us with irascibility and fierceness. The Corcyrian already quoted relates, strangely enough considering what he says of our national antipathy to the French, that the English of that day resembled their Gallic neighbours in "manners and mode of living, ornaments and vestments," and that, "for the most part, they use their language." This must have been a mistake; Nicander was evidently thinking only of the courtiers and nobility. Girolamo Cardano, the Milan physician and astrologer of the sixteenth century, who stayed some time in Great Britain, compared the people to his own countrymen, though admitting that they were "more like the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards"—rather a wide field of comparison. Levinus Lemnius, a Dutch physician (anno 1560), who gives us a very high character, also remarks on this similarity to the Italians. According to Cardano, by the way, we were the very reverse of treacherous, being "faithful" and "liberal." One passage in his account is remarkable, as it seems to show that we have altered to a very considerable extent in the course of three hundred years:—

"I wondered much," he writes, "especially when I was in England, and rode about on horseback in the neighbourhood of London, for I seemed to be in Italy. When I looked among those groups of English sitting together, I completely thought myself to be among Italians; they were like, as I said, in figure, manners, dress, gesture, colour; but, when they opened their mouths, I could not understand so much as a word, and wondered at them, as if they were my countrymen gone mad and raving. For they inflect the tongue upon the palate, twist words in the mouth, and maintain a sort of gnashing with the teeth."

An Italian objecting to English people that they seemed, when speaking, to be "mad and raving," is a strange reversal of all our impressions. It appears not improbable, however, that we were really a more impulsive, and in some respects also a more artistic, people in the time of Shakespeare than we have been since; and, were it not for the testimony of Froissart, one might suppose that our phlegmatic reserve and gravity came in with the Puritans, and were afterwards confirmed by the Dutch and German courts which succeeded the Stuarts. No doubt, however, both influences contributed to what we now regard as our innate national character. In the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, we had much the same reputation abroad for proficiency in the histrionic arts as foreigners now have with us. Companies of English players were constantly strolling through Germany and other Continental countries; Shakespeare himself has been supposed by some (though to us the point appears very doubtful) to have been a member of one of these fraternities; and English actors were everywhere regarded as superior to any others. Erhardus Cellius, who wrote an account of the embassy of Lord Spencer, in the reign of James I. (1603), for the purpose of investing Frederick, Duke of Wirtemberg, with the Order of the Garter, speaks of "the royal English music, which the illustrious royal ambassador had brought with him to enhance the magnificence of the embassy and the present ceremony; and who, though few in number, were eminently well skilled in the art. For England produces many excellent musicians, comedians, and tragedians, most skilful in the histrionic art; certain companies of whom, quitting their own abodes for a time, are in the habit of visiting foreign countries at particular seasons, exhibiting and representing their art, principally at the courts of princes. A few years ago, some English musicians, coming over to our Germany with this view, remained for some time at the courts of great princes; their skill both in music and in the histrionic art having procured them such favour that they returned home liberally rewarded, and loaded with gold and silver." In another passage of the same work reference is made to the "art of histrionic action" in which these Englishmen were peculiarly dextrous; whence it would appear that our countrymen, when acting, gesticulated more than is now customary, even on the stage. It is a singular fact that the large influx of foreign blood into England since the period to which we are referring, seems only to have intensified our national characteristics, and to have drawn more sharply the line of demarcation between ourselves and foreigners. Even in the seventeenth century, however, the number of aliens in London alone was great, amounting in 1621 to 10,000, carrying on one hundred and twenty-one different trades. It is to be feared that these poor fellows were sometimes very

\* England as Seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James I. Comprising Translations of the Journals of the Two Dukes of Wirtemberg, in 1592 and 1610; both Illustrative of Shakespeare. With Extracts from the Travels of Foreign Princes and Others, Copious Notes, an Introduction, and Etchings, by William Brenchley Rye, Assistant-Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. London: John Russell Smith.



scurvily treated. Jacob Rathgeb, the Private Secretary of the Duke of Wirtemberg on his visit to Queen Elizabeth in 1592, gives this report of our populace in the very interesting diary which he wrote, and which is translated in Mr. Rye's volume:—

"The inhabitants are magnificently appressed, and are extremely proud and overbearing; and because the greater part, especially the tradespeople, seldom go into other countries, but always remain in their houses in the city attending to their business, they care little for foreigners, but scoff and laugh at them; and, moreover, one dare not oppose them, else the street-boys and apprentices collect together in immense crowds and strike to the right and left unmercifully, without regard to person; and because they are the strongest, one is obliged to put up with the insult as well as the injury."

Of London we read that "it is a very populous city, so that one can scarcely pass along the streets on account of the throng"—an inconvenience we scarcely expected to find recorded of the English metropolis nearly three hundred years ago. We are also told that "London is a large, excellent, and mighty city of business," most of the inhabitants of which "are employed in buying and selling merchandise, and trading in almost every corner of the world, since the river is most useful and convenient for this purpose, considering that ships from France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and other kingdoms, come almost up to the city, to which they convey goods, and receive and take away others in exchange." The Duke, it seems, relished our beer exceedingly, and his faithful secretary describes it as "of the colour of an old Alsace wine," and "delicious." The French wines, however, "did not agree with his Highness," and we suppose he favoured the beer all the more on that account. Rathgeb speaks of the English women in the same strain as Van Meteren. He says they "have much more liberty than, perhaps, in any other place; they also know well how to make use of it, for they go dressed out in exceedingly fine clothes, and give all their attention to their ruffs and stuffs, to such a degree indeed that, as I am informed, many a one does not hesitate to wear velvet in the streets, which is common with them, whilst at home, perhaps, they have not a piece of dry bread." The gossiping of this old traveller is extremely amusing. He gives a lively account of most of the great buildings of London—of St. Paul's, the Royal Exchange, London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower—and describes some of the more celebrated localities in the southern part of the island, particularly the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Of Reading (where the Queen sometimes held her court) we find a singular note:—

"The country in the vicinity of the Royal court is for the most part flat and sandy; and, because few succeed in finding accommodation at an inn, they erect tents, under which they sojourn, thus presenting the appearance of an encampment."

The splendour of Windsor Castle, with its exquisite tapestries, and its glistening wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones, seems to have struck the Wirtembergers with astonishment; but the Duke was especially pleased with the sacred music which he heard in the Castle chapel:—

"This Castle stands upon a knoll or hill; in the outer or first court there is a very beautiful and immensely large church, with a flat, even roof, covered with lead, as is common with all churches in this kingdom. In this church his Highness listened for more than an hour to the beautiful music, the usual ceremonies, and the English sermon. The music, especially the organ, was exquisitely played; for at times you could hear the sound of cornets, flutes, then fifes and other instruments; and there was likewise a little boy who sang so sweetly amongst it all, and threw such a charm over the music with his little tongue, that it was really wonderful to listen to him. In short, their ceremonies were very similar to the Papists, as above mentioned, with singing and all the rest. After the music, which lasted a long time, had ended, a minister or preacher ascended the pulpit and preached in English; and soon afterwards, it being noon, his Highness went to dinner."

The Duke of Wirtemberg professed unbounded admiration for Elizabeth, and, while he was in this country, received a promise from the Queen of the Order of the Garter. This honour he appears to have coveted with great eagerness, but Elizabeth constantly postponed the fulfilment of her word on the plea that there were divers European monarchs who had a prior claim, and that they must be satisfied first. Frederick frequently reminded her, both by letters and by ambassadors, of the promise she had made, and one of these ambassadors—Hans Jacob Breuning von Buchenbach—seems to have had a very unlucky time of it. On his first audience of the Queen he was so overcome with excitement and agitation, that the Minister, Lord Burleigh, charged him with being in that condition which has been imputed to Mr. Andrew Johnson on his inauguration as Vice-President of the United States. The letter to his lordship in which he defends himself from this charge is one of the most curious revelations of an ambassador's private feelings we have ever seen:—

"With reference to the subject which your Excellency brought before me yesterday, I should there in person have excused myself more fully, if I had not perceived that your Excellency would not at that time have given me a dispassionate hearing. But since before God I am in truth innocent of the offence (*criminis*) of which your Excellency has accused me, I have therefore thought proper to send you this letter, not because I wish to contend with one to whose authority I willingly concede, but for the sake of defending my honour, my name, and my most noble family. I call the great God to witness

that, by His favour, I have from my youth held that vice (*id viciu*), above all things, in the greatest abhorrence. Far be it from me that I should have dared to appear before such a Majesty in such a state! On that day I had not even allowed myself to dine, in order that I might explain rightly and worthily the matters with which I was charged. But that I was unable to utter with becoming promptitude before her gracious Majesty what I had conceived in my mind: I again, and with truth, affirm there was no other reason than this,—that the unusual splendour and regal Majesty (the like of which hath not any other part of Europe, nor Asia, nor Africa, the chief places in which I have visited), at first so stupified me that my mind became confused. After that I was not sufficiently acquainted with a foreign language so as to speak extempore; her Majesty's interruption occasioned me to forget the speech I had prepared, so that my voice stuck in my throat (*vox faucibus hærens*), and caused my tongue to stammer. Such being the case, I implore and most urgently beg of your Excellency to change that unfavourable opinion which you have conceived of me, and that you will hold me in better estimation, and believe me to be a different character."

This excuse—which we can well believe to have been a true one—was apparently accepted, for we read of other audiences given to Breuning by her Majesty. The latter, however, sent a very tart answer to the Duke, amounting, in fact, to a recommendation to him to mind his own business, avoid the quarrels of theologians, provide for the safety of English subjects in his dominions, and disbelieve evil reports current against the Queen. Frederick, as we have seen, at length attained the investiture of the Order from James I. The Germans, during the visit of Frederick in 1592, became very unpopular with the English people, and it is evidently to this visit that Shakespeare alludes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act IV., sc. 5), where the Germans are spoken of as "cozeners." Mr. Rye has some interesting details on this subject, for which, as well as for the curious antiquarian matter contained in his learned notes, we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The book is one of the most entertaining of the class we have seen for a long while. It contains a complete and lively reflex of English life and manners at the most fascinating period of our history.

#### THE MORAL ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.\*

IN these days of secular science and the inductive method, it is rather pleasant to come across a work of deductive reasoning on some of the highest problems of metaphysical theology. This is not the first time that Mr. Gillespie's name and his peculiar style of arguing and writing have been noticed in our columns; some time back, we made a few remarks on a previous publication by the same author, on "The Argument *à Priori* for the Being and Attributes of a Great First Cause." The volume before us is a continuation of the same argument conducted in the same style. We have, as before, a similar array of "lemmas," and "corollaries," of "scholia" and "demonstrations," set forth with all that pomp and severity of logical precision which approves itself so highly to the syllogistic taste of the Scotch intellect. As, in his former treatise, Mr. Gillespie had demonstrated to his own undisguised satisfaction the existence and most of the absolute attributes of the Divine Being upon *à priori* principles, so in this short work he undertakes to establish on the same method the relative or moral attributes of "the simple, sole Being of infinity, of expansion, and of duration, all-knowing, all-powerful, entirely free, and completely happy," who is the philosophical image of the Christian's God. That this Being is "necessarily true and faithful," that He is "necessarily inflexibly just," and also that He is "necessarily love," are the three great conclusions, separately drawn from their own premises, to the establishment of which our earnest-minded author has devoted these pages. Mr. Gillespie is evidently profoundly impressed with the value of *à priori* reasoning in itself, and especially of the particular application of it to the proof of the Divine attributes. We trust that we shall be pardoned for forming a somewhat lower estimate of the method, its application, and its results. Whatever it could do, seems to us to have been done already in the pages of Plato, Cudworth, Dr. Clarke, and others. It is a different medicine that is required by the intellect of our times. Men now-a-days do not think of denying God's truth, justice, or love; they can hardly think of God apart from such attributes, which, however (we may add), they are more prompt to believe from the suggestions of the heart and of the religious instincts, than from any syllogistic processes, howsoever accurately conducted. Modern perplexities strike us as arising rather from the difficulty of reconciling such undoubted attributes with certain acts, purposes, and relations ascribed to the Almighty in revelation. No one is tempted to believe God unjust, but many would like to be shown how the Divine justice is compatible with eternal punishment, for example, or with the orthodox explanations of the doctrine of the Atonement, and the like. We would not seem to blame a writer who has succeeded in proving one thing, for not proving another; we only venture to suggest an aspect of the subject on which we believe Mr. Gillespie might to greater advantage display his unquestionable powers of reasoning, and so confer a benefit in solving the more pressing difficulties of contemporary thinkers. To prove, after the exact model of a proposition in Euclid, that God must be true, or else that we must come to the "reductio ad impossibile" of the unlimited one being limited—the

\* The Argument, *à Priori*, for the Moral Attributes of God. By W. H. Gillespie. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.



perfect one being imperfect, God in short being (to use our author's barbarism) "un-goded"—may afford a kind of gratification to the logical intellect across the Tweed; but that such reasoning will add one iota of strength to real religious convictions, or will help to convert one single sceptic or unbeliever in the Divine perfections, we cannot bring ourselves for a moment to imagine.

In justice to our author, we should say that towards the end of his treatise he is brought by the course of his argument across one of the above questions; in solving which, however, we cannot admit him to be wholly satisfactory. Having established that God is necessarily love, because "love is only goodness in exercise," he proceeds to discuss the question how the Divine love will exhibit itself hereafter to the righteous and the wicked respectively. The former, he concludes, must live for ever; love was the cause of their creation, the motive of their preservation, and, as this cause will continue at work, the result, in the shape of ceaseless life, will continue for eternity. As to the wicked, our author goes on to affirm, "Wickedness and its effect, misery, might be made to cease to be, by an Almighty fiat commanding the wickedness with its subject to cease to be. That Power which called all men into being can cause men to be no more. . . . The annihilation of the wicked in hell is quite possible to the Creator. Some of the attributes demand it; none say nay: the final annihilation therefore is possible, and, possible, it is certain." The logic of this passage is surely as questionable as its orthodoxy. Why, because a thing is possible, it is therefore certain, we fail to perceive or to infer. How, if the conservation of created beings on earth is a "product of Divine goodness" (as Mr. Gillespie had previously proved), the annihilation of them in hell can be also the natural and obvious result of the same "goodness," we confess ourselves at a loss to explain. We fancy our author would have acted more wisely in omitting so insoluble a mystery altogether, than in concluding four very short pages of discussion on the point with a solution so thoroughly unsatisfactory as the above.

Mr. Gillespie is fatally fond of notes, and he has appended to this little volume a great many more than the exigencies of the writer or regard for the reader demanded. Anecdotes and admiring criticisms on Burns, discussions as to the authorship of one of the Scotch Paraphrases, and irrelevant eulogies on Hume, may be very natural to the exaggerated patriotism of our author, but are apt to be very tiresome to persons who turn to a note for some information they need in connection with the text, not for platitudes, or puffs of the writer's countrymen. We observe in the advertisement that certain of Mr. Gillespie's friends have uttered some rather uncomplimentary opinions respecting these very Notes; but that, on a re-perusal of them, he was not convinced of their inferiority. We side emphatically with the friends. Our author may not be able to alter the dryness and stiffness of an over-logical style; he may find it difficult to suppress his almost amusing confidence in the originality and triumphant strength of his reasoning; but it was quite within his power, and it would have done credit to his common sense, to have restricted the dimensions and improved the matter of his annotations.

#### SIR FELIX FOY.\*

MR. COOK is one of the pleasantest of our novel-writers. His stories are always interesting, his style is remarkably easy and agreeable, and he combines with shrewdness of observation so much geniality and kindly humour, that he always succeeds in creating a sympathy between himself and his readers, and in carrying them along without a murmur from the first chapter to the last. A novel may have many merits; but if it is not readable, its other virtues will have a hard struggle to preserve it from an early grave. "Sir Felix Foy" is essentially readable, but it is not that alone, for it is unusually rich in studies of character—some of them very carefully thought over and worked out. It is a story of everyday life, with nothing that is extravagant or sensational about it—a story which deals with persons who for the most part might appear, at first sight, commonplace, and even uninteresting. Sir Felix occupies the most prominent position on the stage, or perhaps shares it with Lydia Finch, the lady who ultimately becomes his wife; but the pains which Mr. Cook has bestowed upon his principal performers have not rendered him careless about the minor personages of the drama. Mr. Foy, the baronet's brother, an amiable, eccentric, untidy clergyman, with a constant smile, and "a habit of nodding his head in a kindly approving way, no matter what sort of observation might be addressed to him," is so pleasant a character that we are only sorry not to have more of his company. Especially charming is the story of his quiet, unspoken love for Alice Pratt—a young lady in his parish, with very attractive eyes, and a chin "charmingly fashioned, nibbed, as it were, with a dimple."

Then there is Lady Casey, the baronet's aunt, a spirited old lady of a vagrant disposition, with a great belief in sherry as a specific for all sorts of ailments, both mental and bodily, who spends her life in roaming about, able to hold her own with all she meets, and indulging in utterances of an original and racy nature. With her is contrasted Mrs. Seely, the humble and spirit-crushed proprietress of the lodgings in which Lady Casey, when in London, delights to dwell—a timid little woman, with a "way of wringing her hands as she spoke, which was distressing until you became quite accus-

tomed to it," and who spoke "in broken, wailing tones, as though always on the eve, so to speak, of bursting into tears." Mary Lambert, a young widow who is inconsolable for the loss of a husband of the least possible merit, plays a more prominent part in the piece, as also does the young gentleman in whose fortunes she eventually becomes interested—Lambert Foy—and whose experiences as a clerk in the baronet's bank form some of the most amusing chapters in the book. Her devoted admirer, the Reverend John Payne, is admirably sketched—a grim clergyman, who tries hard to tear away his affections from the vanities of this world, but finds after all that he cares more for Mary Lambert than for everything else. Mrs. Bateson, also, is very good—a lady of large, strong, and substantial frame, with "energies to spare: superfluous stamina, which she held, as it were, in trust for the benefit of the world at large," who has taken up charity as a profession, and reduced the performance of good works to a system. These, and a number of other subordinate characters, would of themselves make the book deserving of no small praise; but its chief claim for approval rests upon the skill with which Sir Felix Foy and Miss Lydia Finch are portrayed.

Sir Felix is a stiff, ungenial gentleman, fifty-five years old, a banker by profession. He is cold, calculating, apparently free from enthusiasm, and totally devoid of the romantic element. But he is honest, religious, and to a certain extent conscientious; that is to say, he does what his conscience tells him he ought to do, but he avoids stimulating that faculty when his own interests clash with those of others. He is thoroughly selfish without being aware of the fact, and he gives a great deal of pain to those who are in any way in his power, while he seldom does a kindness unless with a view of reaping an adequate reward. Such is the man whose character Mr. Cook has made the subject of a careful analysis, subjecting it, as the story goes on, to the successive influences of anger, jealousy, and love. Sir Felix proposes to Mrs. Lambert, and can scarcely believe his senses when she refuses his offer. Then comes a change in the whole current of his thoughts, which Mr. Cook has very skilfully described, especially the scene in which his jealousy of Lambert Foy expresses itself in a most unexpected form. At last, after all the baronet's ideas have been confused by the storm through which he has passed, a new passion stirs his heart, a novel fancy seizes his brain, and, in spite of his sedateness, his caution, and his selfishness, he falls desperately in love, and that with a very young girl.

Lydia Finch, the object of his affection, is a very attractive being, in spite of the questionable nature of her behaviour. She has a great capacity for enjoying life, and a strong determination to make her way in the world. She is bold and resolute, always looking her difficulties full in the face, and being clear-sighted enough to recognise their true aspects, and to perceive the real nature of many of the social shams which impose on more timid or less clear-eyed persons. She longs for a good position in society, and she sees that it is only by marrying well that she can obtain it; so she deliberately resolves to win a rich and well-born husband. Her first choice is young Lambert Foy, whose heart she easily takes by storm, and whom she really loves a little; but after a while, when she has had rather more experience of the world, she begins to grow conscious of his inferiority to her in intellect and strength of character, and when at length a richer suitor in the person of Sir Felix seeks her hand, she discards Lambert, and accepts the baronet. The story ends with the description of the wedded life of the ill-matched worldly couple—the determination on the part of Sir Felix to be happier than he had been wont to be, to treat his fellow-beings with a geniality and kindness unknown to his earlier days, and to gain the good opinions of all sorts of men; and it also records the failure of the attempt which he had delayed to make till the fitting time had passed away. With the account of "The Anniversary Festival of the Dyspeptic Hospital," the baronet's history comes to a close, completing, before it ends, a moral lesson which is as excellent in its tone as in the style in which it is conveyed.

#### ERRORS IN GEOLOGY.\*

THE most serious objection urged against geologic science by those who oppose its teachings has reference to the hypothetical character of many of its so-called laws. An intimate acquaintance with geology would show that its principles are not merely vague speculations; but it happens that those who are adverse to its cultivation are generally ignorant of even its elements. Hence it is that men of science, if they do not feel contempt, at all events exhibit a certain amount of indifference to the opinions of persons who decry geology. It does not often occur that one who, from his position and labours, may be supposed to be fully conversant with the foundation upon which scientific laws are based, comes forward to demonstrate that these laws are so many blunders. This is fortunate, for, were the occurrence by any means frequent, society would soon lose its respect for science altogether. Nevertheless, we do sometimes find individuals who are prepared to brave all the perils of an onslaught on existing scientific principles. In no branch of information are examples of this more abundant than in geology. Some years since, a very popular scientific writer endeavoured to prove that fossils, which are generally regarded as the remains of animals and plants

\* Sir Felix Foy, Bart. By Dutton Cook, Author of "Leo," "Trials of the Tredgold," "Paul Foster's Daughter," &c. Three vols. London: Sampson Low.

\* Notes on Errors in Geology. Illustrated by Reference to Facts observed in Ireland. By John Kelly, Vice-President of the Geological Society of Ireland. London: Longman & Co.



which once existed, are plastic productions of the rocks. More recently, a would-be *savant* attempted to show that the outer crust of the earth is gradually shifting to the north, and that England must at one time have been within the tropics. We always find, however, that these suddenly developed hypotheses give rise at the utmost to but a little excitement, and are rapidly hurried away into the limbo of oblivion. How they originate, why they are put forward, and what becomes of their authors, are questions of great interest for the medical psychologist, but cannot be discussed here.

The volume which lies before us was written by a Mr. Kelly, who is styled upon its title-page, "Vice-President of the Royal Geological Society of Ireland." This gentleman has an idea that geologists are unable to explain the most important facts concerning the formation of rocks, and, what is more, that he himself has discovered the true key to the mystery. To put our readers in a position to understand the nature of Mr. Kelly's views, we must offer a few remarks regarding the accepted theory of rock-formation. Rocks are of two distinct kinds—igneous and aqueous; the former are also termed plutonic, and the latter sedimentary or stratified. The igneous rocks are supposed to be derived from the interior of the earth, from which they are driven by volcanic agency; and, as they are thrown out in a semi-fluid, molten condition, they present, when formed, no lines of stratification. The aqueous rocks, on the contrary, result from the wearing down of mountains, continents, &c., and, when formed, present themselves in layers, or strata. The theory of their origin is as follows:—Rain, falling upon the mountain tops, accumulates, and forms brooks, which, as they flow into the valleys, bring with them a quantity of the mineral matter of which the mountain is composed. The brooks unite to form rivers, which in their turn carry away a large amount of earthy material in a state of suspension. The rivers, as they travel to the sea, bring the mineral matter with them; but, when this reaches the ocean, and has no longer a current to prevent its sinking, it subsides, and forms layer after layer at the bottom of the ocean. These layers contain, of course, the *débris* of the animals and plants whose species inhabit the country through which the river flows; and when, after centuries, they are upheaved and converted into dry land, they will exhibit themselves as a series of rocks, containing fossils characteristic of the period in which they were deposited. There is another feature which it is important to notice: the mud which is borne along by the river is of different degrees of coarseness, containing fine silt, gravel, and even pebbles. When these are thrown together into the sea, they do not all subside with equal rapidity: the pebbles, being the heaviest, reach the bottom first; then follows the gravel, and finally the soft slimy mud. Upon this point Mr. Kelly's theory hinges. The author cannot imagine that the matter brought down to the sea is deposited in the manner described above, and consequently he advances a speculation of his own. Mr. Kelly believes that sedimentary rocks, especially such as the old red sandstone of Ireland, originated in matter thrown up in the centre of the ocean, from the bowels of the earth. When he desires to develop a new system, he simply creates a set of volcanoes in the midst of the sea, and allows them to throw up material from beneath the earth's crust. The matter thus elevated sinks into the ocean and gives rise to a system of rock-deposits. This is, at least, what we take to be the substance of his theory, and we think the following passage justifies our conclusion:—

"Grains of sand and particles of mud derived from other rocks decomposed by frost, sun, and rain, and brought down as sediment in rivers, would form new beds or masses, homogeneous in lithological character, and would not have the coarse grains sorted for one bed and the fine mud for another. . . . Both are apparently produced by subterranean agency, acting on materials of different natures, the basaltic layers thrown up in a melted state; the sandstone beds, the materials of which were not so easily fusible, thrown up in a state of sand and mud, and all spread out in the bottom of the ocean, in beds or layers, as already described."

Hypotheses are often extravagant, but this is certainly about the wildest specimen we have yet had an opportunity of examining. The whole argument is a *petitio principii* from beginning to end. Out of accordance with the phenomena occurring in our oceans at the present day, and in opposition to the records which embedded fossils have left us, it must be equally scouted by the physical geologist and the student of palæontology. Mr. Kelly brings forward no facts adequate to the support of such a far-fetched view; and we think his dismissal of recognised laws by the simple remark, "I need scarcely say, all this is dreaming," is as unworthy of a Vice-President of the Irish Geological Society as it is unwarranted by the rules of philosophical reasoning.

The volume is illustrated by a number of interesting "sections" and sketches, and merits the attention of those who understand the principles of geology, if only for the purpose of proving how absolutely unassailable are the grand laws which the profound genius of Hutton first gave to the world.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

*Fraser* continues and concludes the very masterly criticism commenced last month on the Roman Catholic "Essays on Religion and Literature," edited by Dr. Manning. The writer takes to pieces, bit by bit, the arguments of the supporters of "English Ultramontaniam," and shows how completely their conclusions are at war with the teachings of history, politics, and science, and how entirely not only Protestant England, but most Roman Catholic countries, have drifted

away from the doctrines they would establish. It is admitted by some of the writers in this volume that the ecclesiastical and civil powers all over the Continent are being "divorced," and that politics and science are falling away from "the faith." The reviewer in *Fraser* asks whether these facts are not some sort of set-off against the recent conversions to the Papacy of a certain number of well-meaning but effeminate-minded persons. "What has become of France? what of Italy? what of the monasteries in Spain? What is the course of events even in Mexico and New Granada? Look at the Encyclical and the comments on it for the answer. . . . The truth is, that, under civil pretexts, the Pope and his clergy are being elbowing out of one department of life after another. . . . From the Albigensian crusade to the Council of Constance, from the Council of Constance to the Reformation, from the Reformation to the French Revolution, the Papacy steadily lost ground. It is losing ground now; and it requires no very prophetic eye to see that, long before the New Zealander sketches the ruins of St. Paul's, the King of Italy will be the sovereign of St. Peter's. It is of course impossible to say how long the spiritual power may maintain its existence as a mere superstition; but that sooner or later it will go the way of all impostures, is as certain as that it is founded in falsehood." One retort on an argument of Mr. Lucas's is peculiarly happy. Mr. Lucas says that an infallible Church is a necessity because, at the period of the fall, the whole human being—senses, intellect, and everything—became degraded. To this the reviewer replies:—"If the intellect is degraded, how can it weigh the evidence for Christianity, and how can Mr. Lucas be sure that it is not the degraded part of his own intellect which leads him to believe in his present creed?" This article is certainly the gem of the number; but there are some other papers of interest. The works of M. Edmond About are made the subject of an amusing critical sketch; and an important article follows on, "The Right of Occupancy in Oude and Bengal." The writer of the latter is in favour of the old land system of India, the removal of which, he thinks, would lead to the introduction of a poor law, and undermine the agricultural population. "Fish-culture" and "Brodie's Autobiography" are also very entertaining; and some curious particulars are given in the paper entitled "Late Operations on the Serpentine," showing the strange series of bungling mistakes made in connection with that unfortunate stream, and the mischief to Kensington Gardens that has resulted. "Gilbert Rugge" is continued, and "The Amulet" concluded.

*Macmillan* opens with an examination by Professor Bain of Mr. Grote's work on Plato, to which high praise is given. This is followed by a continuation of Mr. F. T. Palgrave's papers on "Women and the Fine Arts," in which the poetry of women is considered, and described as containing many beautiful elements, but as being deficient in power and closeness, owing, as the writer thinks, to the deficient education of girls. The most important article in the number, however, is one by Signor Mazzini on "Cæsarism"—of course, with reference to the peculiar theories of personal government developed by the French Emperor in his Life of the great Julius. The article opens with the words:—"Viewed as a history, the recently-published work bearing the name of Louis Napoleon" (which, by the way, it does not do) "is unworthy of our spending either time or words upon it." The theory contained in the preface, however, seems to the Italian patriot to be so false, and yet so likely to mislead, that he considers he is doing a service in exposing it. According to that theory, as our readers doubtless recollect, Providence at certain times raises up men of genius to inaugurate new eras, and to indicate to the people the fresh paths they are to follow. Signor Mazzini, on the contrary, asserts that the truest tendency of society is to what he calls the "Collective Life," or Association. In the future, "the highest interpreters of this epoch will be Collective Beings, Peoples whom the consciousness of the new aim has constituted Nations." Furthermore, we are told that Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the First Napoleon, did not *initiate* eras, but rather closed them, and that Cæsarism, Monarchy, and Papacy, are equally manifestations of the principle that "the salvation of all is to be wrought out by one alone," which, according to Signor Mazzini, is the very reverse of the truth. "At the present day," he writes, "Cæsarism and Papacy quarrel between themselves, like accomplices shut up in the same prison; but they recognise a common origin and interest, and, in the face of any serious peril, they will renew the compact of Charles V. and Clement VII. But, as surely as there is truth in philosophy, power in liberty, and holiness in our religion of progress, they will perish—and that ere long—in the same battle." There are some good points in the essay; but it is written, for the most part, in that exaggerated and oracular style by which the manifestations of the Continental Republican party are generally distinguished. The succeeding article, on "Cawnpore," is a review of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan's work bearing that title; and the final paper of the number is another of the Editor's series of "Recollections of Three Cities," and is called "London from the Top of St. Paul's, Part I." This is a sort of vision of the successive eras of London history, and is written with Professor Masson's accustomed spirit and liveliness, but without much apparent purpose.

"Armada" this month sinks from the first place in the *Cornhill*, and "Wives and Daughters" again comes to the front. The other contents of the number are varied and amusing. "The Poetry of Provincialisms" is a capital paper, showing how much of richness, force, and feeling is to be found in many of the words and phrases occurring in the every-day speech of country people, and with what admirable effect they have sometimes been used by the poets. In "The Shoddy Aristocracy of America" we have a clever and lively, though far from agreeable, picture of the rich, vulgar upstarts too frequently to be found in the United States. The series of papers on "The English Drama during the Reigns of Elizabeth and James" is concluded, the writer summing up with a statement of the advantages which we have derived from that drama; and this is followed by a humorous story called "The Famous Quire of Earndale." A sensible essay on "The Profession of Advocacy," defining the limits which honesty, truthfulness, and good feeling impose on the professional duties of barristers and a pleasant account of Erasmus, conclude the number.



A very agreeable literary character generally pervades the pages of the *Dublin University*, and we find this to be the case in the number before us, which opens with a well-written article on "Molière, his Life and Times." Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Haunted London" gives occasion for a gossiping paper on the antiquities and literary and social memories of the great metropolis. "Scenes in the Transition Age from Cæsar to Christ" is continued from previous numbers, and is full of classical feeling and scholarly spirit. "The Duration of Human Life" is an article on longevity, giving some very amusing instances of extreme old age, some of which, however—though we do not commit ourselves to the scepticism on this subject exhibited by certain correspondents of the *Times* about a year ago—seem to us extremely apocryphal. Another very readable article is devoted to an examination of the writings of Lucian, "the Samosatian philosopher and satirist."

The first paper in the *Englishman's Magazine* is a striking narrative of a journey to the sanctuary of the Akhoon of Swaut, a fanatical Afghan, who assumes to be a prophet, and to work miracles. Of this narrative we have only an instalment now before us, but it promises to be interesting. "Nature and Super-nature" is an argument in favour of miracles, in answer to the objections of sceptics. "Sir Walter Scott and History" contains some comments on certain historical blunders made by the great novelist. Mr. Benjamin Hardwick, F.R.G.S., contributes an essay on "Finance," and Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., continues his series "On the Earth considered as a Habitation," discoursing this month on the Atmosphere. There are also papers on "Quackery," "Sugar-refining," and the "Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi," together with some poems, and the first chapter of a new story, called "Byrlandesthorpe."

Recent events in Bhootan have excited in England an interest in that country which cannot always be gratified. The *Social Science Review*, however, has a long article on "Bhootan and the Bhootas," which presents a very ample account of the physical geography, animal life, and vegetable productions of that remote region, as well as of the people and their customs. "Science on Behalf of Miners" is a description of recent contrivances for protecting those who work in mines from the numerous perils to which they are exposed. Dr. T. Wood, F.C.S., furnishes a paper on "Chemistry as a Branch of General and Practical Education," in which he recommends the introduction into school tuition of enough science to teach people to take care of their health in after life; and Dr. Richardson, the Editor, discourses of "The External Causes of Human Maladies." The number also contains a poem, which, besides not being very excellent, is contrary to the general design of the publication.

Temple Bar has a good article on Richard Cumberland, the dramatist of the latter half of the last century; another of Mr. Sala's indescribably rambling, and yet certainly amusing, papers on "The Streets of the World," the subject this month being a sort of comparison of Boston in Lincolnshire with Boston in Massachusetts; some other essays on various subjects; and the usual continued stories.

In the *St. James's Magazine*, Dr. Octave Delepierre undertakes to disprove the commonly received impressions with regard to the last years of the life of Charles V. of Spain having been passed in a monastery. We have also papers on "The Courts of Love," "Aden," "Charles Dibdin," "Lyme Regis," and other subjects of interest.

The *Victoria Magazine* opens with an essay on "Satire," rather poorly written, yet containing some good points. This is followed by an examination of the political character of the Czarina Catherine II., of whom the author, Mr. P. F. Andre says that—"As a woman, she may rank with Olympias, Messalina, and the most odious types of Pagan Empresses; as a politician, she takes precedence, it seems to me, of any Empress or Queen in modern history." The article entitled "God's Poor" is a painfully interesting account of the labours of the "Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society."

*Good Words*, amongst many other very readable papers, has one by Dr. Wynter, on a subject which, as we have seen, is also handled in the *Dublin University*—viz., "Longevity." The Doctor is of opinion that the duration of human life has greatly increased of late, and may be expected to increase still more. The companion periodical—the *Sunday Magazine*—is, as usual, filled with articles bearing on religion.

We have also received the *Month* (a Roman Catholic publication, with articles by Dr. Newman, Aubrey de Vere, and others), the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Day of Rest*, *Sunday at Home*, *Leisure Hour*, *Eclectic*, *Colonial Church Chronicle*, *Church Builder*, *Young England*, and *Cottage Artisan*.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

The *Popular Science Review* exhibits a contents-page which, in point of scientific interest and general attractiveness, is quite equal to that of any of the preceding numbers. This periodical holds a position of its own, and addresses itself not so much to original investigators as to those who are concerned in the progress of science generally in this country and abroad. Without confining itself to any special branch, it affords ample information upon all the current topics of interest in the scientific world, and contains also a well-arranged summary of progress in the several departments of agriculture, astronomy, botany, chemistry, geology, microscopy, medical sciences, mining, photography, physics, and natural history. Among the original articles in the present issue, we notice a long and important communication from the pen of Mr. Glaisher, upon the subject of "Balloon Ascents and their Scientific Importance." The writer being almost the sole representative of this section of meteorological inquiry, his observations will be read with much attention. A little reflection will show anyone unacquainted with the subject that the examination of physical phenomena, under such new conditions as are supplied during a balloon-ascend, must be of the greatest interest. Mr. Glaisher's discoveries have shown the truth of this. Among the many questions which his labours have decided, was one as to the spectroscopy—that marvellous discovery of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, by means of which we are enabled to investigate the constitutions of

worlds billions of miles away. It was said by sceptical physicists that the lines observed in the solar and stellar spectra were due to atmospheric influence. If this were really the case, the markings should be more distinct the nearer the surface the examination is made; but Mr. Glaisher has shown that the spectral lines are more distinct above than at the surface of our globe. "The spectrum at all times was found to be brighter and the colours purer than when viewed from the earth; also, every line seen from the earth was seen from the balloon; but all better defined and more distinct. The line H, as seen from the earth as nebulous, was seen to be made up of fine parallel lines; and generally the spectrum was longer, the lines more numerous, the colours brighter, as seen at a high elevation, than when viewed from the earth." Mr. Glaisher's other discoveries have been of equal importance, and are fully recorded in the paper before us. The second contribution is from Dr. Lionel Beale, who shows us what is the exact value of those wonderful lenses—the 1-50th and 1-25th—which have lately been manufactured by Messrs. Powell & Lealand. These glasses, though giving a magnifying power which, twenty years ago, would have been looked on as an impossibility, have not thrown much additional light upon our knowledge of histology; but this Dr. Beale attributes to the fact that they require very careful manipulation, and cannot be employed by those unskilled in the use of high powers. Mr. Cooke gives an able review of Darwin's wonderful discoveries in plant-fertilization, teaching us how essential are insects in perpetuating species by carrying about the pollen, and allowing it to become adherent to the stigma. Those who are obliged to resort to tonics will find some very suggestive statements as to the mode of action of these medicines in a paper by Professor Divers, who explains at some length what is meant by improving the "tone" of the system. Mr. Mackie discourses of the recent eruption of Etna. Mr. Prideaux supplies a sketch of the means of communication between railway guards and passengers. Mr. Ernest Hart describes the principle of the ophthalmoscope, and shows how that instrument has enabled surgeons to explore the eye in the detection of disease; and the Editor (Dr. Lawson) contributes a sketchy account of the natural history of the whitebait, in which he endeavours to prove that the fish is not the young of the shad, but is possibly that of the herring. The reviews and summary are of the usual character; and the illustrations are in Mr. West's best style.

Though sometimes regarded as a rival of the above Quarterly, the *Intellectual Observer* serves to fill a somewhat different field. Its especial domain is that of natural science, which, together with occasional articles on archaeology, is the principal subject on which the papers it contains are written. The number before us is an admirable illustration of what is doing in popular natural history and recreative science. The opening article upon the subject of the "Penguin" is accompanied by a beautifully executed plate, and gives such an account of this curious bird as the researches of our voyagers have enabled the compiler to afford his readers. Mr. J. K. Lord's account of the pigmy owl is also of interest. The Auracaria finds an able exponent of its history and character in Mr. John R. Jackson, of the Kew Gardens; and the black and brown bears of the Himalayan mountains have an instructive paper devoted to the subject of their habits by Dr. Leith Adams. One of the most pleasing articles, and certainly the best written, is that by Mr. H. J. Slack on Clovelly. Clovelly appears to be a small seaside village, some miles from Bideford, in Devon, and is, as the writer observes, "one of the most remarkable places in the terraqueous globe. It is to an extraordinary degree queer, quaint, and beautiful. How it came to be at all, is a mystery requiring a combination of all the sciences to explain. When the visitor arrives within the precincts of its sunny woods, unless a wrinkle of blue smoke happens to curl among the trees, and the smoke suggests an unseen chimney, and the invisible chimney suggests a possible house, and the possible house suggests a possibility of lodgings, the prospect, though æsthetically beautiful, is not quite consolatory after a ride of eleven miles from Bideford to the edge of a precipitous hill, at the base of which fringed waves are playing, while flapping seagulls and long-necked cormorants fly by." In this strain Mr. Slack proceeds to give a most graphic account of the natural features of this remarkable locality, which he recommends tourists to explore. Mr. Wright's description of the Roman potteries at Durobrivæ will be greedily read by antiquaries, some of whom may, however, differ from the writer in thinking that "these potteries do not belong to a very early period of the Roman occupation of the island." Mr. Wright considers that the style of art and the general character of these relics indicate a period not older than the latter part of the second century.

Under the title of the *Ethnological Journal* a new periodical has been started by Messrs. Trübner & Co. The articles bear evidence of careful Ethnological inquiry; those on "The Inadequacy of merely Anatomical Descriptions of the Human Cranium in the Study of Ethnology," by Mr. T. S. Prideaux, and "On Man's Place in the Animate Scale," being especially worthy of notice.

In the *Ophthalmic Review* there is an excellent article by Von Gräfe on "Traumatic Cataract," and some important communications have been made by Mr. Carter and Herr Pagenstecher. The correspondence, however, is insignificant, both in extent and value, the attack on Dr. Lawson's views on "Accommodation" being as uncourteous as it is illogical.

The *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* contains many articles of interest. Among those most attractive we may mention the titles of the following:—"The Structure and Affinities of the Polycystina," by Dr. Wallich; "The Pedicellariae of the Echinoderms," by Dr. Herepath; and "Crystallization and the Microscope," by Mr. Thomas Davies.

The *Journal of Botany* contains some papers of really scientific moment, the contribution on the characters of the *Andræcium* of *Mentzelia* being a very instructive one.

*Hardwicke's Science Gossip* promises to be a great success, and is creditable alike to its editor and the enterprising publisher whose name it bears. Those who are fond of natural history pursuits will find its pages brimful of novel information upon the subject of their favourite pursuits. The title of the first paper, "What Katy-did,"



at first led us to imagine that the *Gossip* was beginning to adopt the French *feuilleton* system, and was about to introduce natural-history romances; but on perusal we found a most instructive contribution to our knowledge of grasshoppers. The paper is written by one of our most popular teachers, Mr. J. K. Lord, and gives a very amusing account of a curious species of grasshopper from North-west America. The other articles are nearly if not equally as attractive, but space prevents our doing more than quoting their titles, which are briefly as follows:—"Diatoms from Guano," "London Rocket," "The Petherwin Beds," "Gossamer Spiders," "Six-spot Burnet," "Dabchicks," "A New Graduating Diaphragm," "Sea Anemones" (with illustrations), and "The Four-horned Cyclops." We would suggest to the publisher the propriety of devoting a portion of his columns to other matters besides those connected with natural history. Amateur chemists, photographers, mechanics, meteorologists, physicists, and astronomers are, like their *confrères* the naturalists, fond of "scientific gossip."

Newton's *Journal of the Arts and Sciences* and the *Artisan* are both good numbers, but inexorable space forbids our noticing their contents.

### SHORT NOTICES.

*Three Great Teachers of our own Time: being an Attempt to Deduce the Spirit and Purpose animating Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin.* By Alexander H. Japp. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—In the opinion of Mr. Japp, the present century has been blessed with three great preachers of religious and moral truth—the three writers whose names appear on his title-page. He describes them as being "pre-eminently a sort of missionaries, preaching each in his own way, according to opportunity, truths old as the Old Testament, but practically forgotten and departed from." According to Mr. Japp's summary of these truths, as delivered by Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin, they appear to us to be not only truths as old as the Old Testament, but truths which have never been lost sight of in literature, or even in the accepted opinions of men generally. The teachings of the triad, we are told, "resolve themselves into one grand, all-including monition:—'Be simple, single-minded, prudent, true, genuine men.'" If this is all that the teaching, or preaching, of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin "resolves itself into," we must say that it speaks very little for their originality, or for their peculiar vocation as the "missionaries" of civilized society. Why, this is what most writers have been saying for hundreds of years! The cynics and the profligates are, after all, in the minority—at least, among writers of conspicuous genius. That the authors whom Mr. Japp exalts have been animated by these sentiments, we do not deny; but to that extent they simply share their ideas with numberless others. Of Carlyle and Ruskin, it might, we think, be said that the really distinctive characteristics of their minds and of their literary style are to be found in other directions: in the one case, in the worship of power; in the other, in the love of paradox. We should certainly regard Tennyson as the safest teacher of the three; but even in his case there are some ugly drawbacks—notably in that utterly silly and schoolboyish glorification of war for its own sake with which he fed the hostile mood of ten years ago, and which we venture to affirm will damage his fame to the latest posterity, in a degree to be rather guessed than calculated. Carlyle and Ruskin have undoubtedly done service, each in his own way (especially the former, on account of his greater range); but both mingle their truths with so much that is purely wild, wilful, and wrong-headed—with so much that is vague, capricious, untruthful, violent, and half-sighted—that it is doubtful whether they have not done more harm to modern opinion than good. Speaking on purely literary grounds, we doubt if any good which may have been effected by the earnestness of Mr. Carlyle's manner has not been more than counterbalanced by the affectedness of expression, and the assumption of a kind of conscious simplicity, which we find in the writings of his imitators. Mr. Japp himself presents these characteristics, though in a moderate degree compared with other followers of the Scotch prophet; and we suspect he would have been a better writer had there been no Carlyle. The amount of balderdash put forth under the idea that it is "Carlylean"—which indeed it is, wanting the genius—is really alarming, and sufficient to cast a serious doubt on the truthfulness of the style which could beget it. Mr. Japp has produced an amusing volume, not devoid of thought, though deformed by eccentricities, and giving, from the author's point of view, a fair and discriminating account of his three heroes. Nevertheless, we must disagree with many of his conclusions; for instance, with his approval of Wordsworth's foolish remark about Keats's Hymn to Pan, in "Endymion," being "a pretty piece of Paganism"—a remark which either showed an inability on the part of Wordsworth to apprehend the extraordinary beauty, dignity, and power of that production, or a petty jealousy of his young rival. Mr. Japp says that Keats had no right "to toy with the decoration of dead ideas in fanciful and playful resurrection." The answer to this is that he did nothing of the kind. He evoked, by the strength of his imaginative sympathy, shapes of beauty and power from the depths of antiquity; and beauty and power can never be dead, however the modes and fashions of things may alter.

*Our Mutual Friend.* By Charles Dickens. Part XV. (Chapman & Hall.)—That Mrs. Lammle is a very clever woman there can be no doubt. Her designs, shared by her husband, upon the property of the Golden Dustman, already begin to bear fruit. The information she gave to the too suspicious Boffin during her last ride in the hired brougham produces a remarkable change in the domestic arrangements at the Corner House. John Rokesmith is insultingly dismissed, in the presence of Bella, from his situation as secretary, and, after he has taken his departure, Bella gives Mr. Boffin a bit of her mind, and leaves the house for ever, thereby renouncing the fortune promised to her. Fearing to go home, she calls at Veneering's office in Mincing-lane, and there takes tea with her cherubic father. Father and daughter are unexpectedly joined by Rokesmith, and, after a very brief explanation, Bella "seemed to shrink to next to nothing in the clasp of his arms, partly because it was such a strong one on

his part, and partly because there was such a yielding to it on hers." The greater part of the evening, moreover, is spent in a succession of similar "mysterious disappearances." A glimpse at the Cherub's house shows matters to be unaltered, except that Lavvy has accepted the addresses of Mr. George Simpson, and is as irrepressible as ever. Lammle has the pleasure of seeing his things sold by auction under a bill of sale, and his wife is made to perceive Fledgeby's true conduct in the matter. Veneering gives a dinner-party on the inauspicious occasion, to which the usual people are invited, and from which Eugene Wrayburn is summoned by "Old Dolls," who has procured Lizzie Hexam's address, and parts with it for fifteen shillings. Altogether, the number for this month takes a considerable step towards the *dénouement*, and is consequently of greater interest than one or two previous issues.

*Rhymed Reason by a Radical. The Politics of the People.* By One of Themselves. Part I. (Murby.)—We can hardly call these verses poetry, yet they are evidently written by a very earnest man, who puts his whole heart in his work. He is a red-hot Radical, very strong against the late Confederate States of America, very much in favour of all struggling nationalities, and very scornful of the Whigs. He has an intensity and vehemence of wrath and hatred which are next door to a species of poetry, and yet are not poetry, because wanting in beauty; but some of his rhymes are unquestionably powerful, and he gives the impression throughout of an honest nature. His dedication strikes the key-note of the whole publication:—"To the English People—in America choosing their Rulers, in England soon to have their Rulers chosen for them—I dedicate these."

*Hardy Ferns: how I Collected and Cultivated Them.* By Nona Bellairs. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—Now that the season is coming when town-dwellers escape, if they possibly can, to the country and the seaside, a book about ferns, the best kinds to select, the places in which to look for them, the details of their structure, the mode of preservation, &c., is sure to attract attention. Such a book is that which the lady owning the rather odd name of Nona Bellairs has here provided. It is a very pleasant volume—elegantly written, not unduly technical, and varied by lively and agreeable pictures of country scenes and ways.

*Life with the Esquimaux.* By Captain Charles Francis Hall, of the Whaling Bark *George Henry*. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)—We have here, in a single volume, neatly printed, gaudily bound, and handsomely illustrated with maps, coloured illustrations, and one hundred woodcuts, a popular edition of Captain Hall's interesting narrative of Arctic experience in search of survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition—a search which extended from May 29th, 1860, to September 13th, 1862, and in which, though he failed in his original purpose, he made the singular discovery of some relics of the expedition of Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578. The book is admirably adapted for a soldier's or seaman's club.

*Mercantile Exercises in Addition of Money, and in the Calculation of Per-centages.* By the Rev. John Hunter, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Hunter is an instructor of candidates for the Civil Service and other Public Examinations; and, being of opinion that in the course of training for clerkships means are required for attaining a more thorough mastery of the general principles of per-centage calculation, and a more ready power of arriving at the total of long columns of money, he has compiled a collection of tables, which, we doubt not, will be found serviceable by all students in this very necessary branch of knowledge.

*A Catechism of the Steam Engine.—Recent Improvements in the Steam Engine.*—By John Bourne, C.E. (Longman & Co.) We have already (April 22nd) noticed Mr. Bourne's "Handbook of the Steam Engine." The two works before us are companion volumes, of which both are now in the eleventh edition. This speaks for their usefulness far more eloquently than we could do; and, being well printed and illustrated in the present re-issues, they are no doubt destined to a new career of popularity.

We have also received Vol. VI. of the new edition of Mr. Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire* (Longmans);—*The Law relating to Benefit Building Societies*, by W. Tidd Pratt, Esq. (Longmans), second edition;—the Sunday Scholar's Edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, unabridged, for one penny, issued by the Book Society, Paternoster-row;—Part XXVIII. of Mr. Watts's edition of Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Chemistry* (Longmans);—Part IV. of the new edition of Brande's *Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art* (Longmans);—Part IX. of Dr. Latham's edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* (Longmans);—and No. I., New Series, of the *Autographic Mirror*.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE New York comic periodicals are at present making merry over the recent military successes of the North, the altered tone of English and French politicians, and the "emigration" scheme to "assist" Maximilian in Mexico. The July number of *Yankee Notions* has a cartoon entitled "Uncle Sam's Emigration Bureau." A "down-easter," as "Uncle Sam," is in the foreground; on his right is a stack of guns, swords, bayonets, &c., labelled "Agricultural Implements for Emigrants;" on his left, hung against the wall, are some cartridge-boxes, carefully labelled "Seed," although a somewhat closer examination will discover "40 Rounds" written underneath. At the side is a mounted 12-pounder; this is ticketed "Uncle Sam's Cultivator for Mexico." The inscription at the foot runs:—"Uncle Sam: Now jest step in and take your implements! Every man shall have his own farm, meetin'-house, and graveyard. I'm goin' to try a little neutrality, on the French and English plan, down there in Mexico. Come on, boys, now's your chance for emigration! crops all ready to reap! Forward!" All the illustrated papers have representations of the capture of Jefferson Davis; but the favourite topic appears to be that change of tone which American politicians are at the present moment accusing us of showing since the downfall of the Confederacy. The *Budget of Fun* has a double page cartoon entitled "The Great Trial of the XIXth Century." "Uncle Sam," with Grant, Sherman, and



Sheridan, are the judges, and arraigned before them at the "bar of public opinion" is John Bull, Jeff. Davis, the Emperor Napoleon, *Punch*, and the Editor of the *Times*. Peering from the gratings behind is the Emperor of the Brazils and the Queen of Spain—the latter crying "Peccavi!" John Bull is a very stout old person, and with an air of great bustle he is seizing the sleeve of the Federal guard, bawling out—"Say, mister, ther's some mistake 'ere; I was always fond of Uncle Sam." He seems earnest enough, and would appear very honest, but, alas! some "Rebel bonds" protrude from his pocket! The Emperor Napoleon trembles with fear, and with a rueful face exclaims, "Be gar! it vasn't me!" The Editor of the *Times* has a fool's cap on, and, with hands clasped, is supplicating for pardon very urgently. At his foot is a bundle of papers labelled "Unlucky Prophecies." *Punch* shakes with fright, and his knees tremble so violently that he supports himself on the bar by his hooked nose. The *Phunny Phellow* is the title of another sheet filled with similar caricatures.

The difficulty—often expressed—of conducting a journal with such secrecy that no person outside the office shall know who are the writers or editors, has received some exemplification in Mr. Oliphant's recent letter to the morning journals, assuring editors and readers that he no longer has anything to do with the *Owl*. In many of the provincial papers Mr. Oliphant's letter has been reprinted, with editorial comments appended, and the general statement at present is that a son of the Hon. Stuart Wortley and a Mr. Borthwick are the principal conductors.

We learn from the best authority that the second and third volumes of the "Vie de César" were all in type, and the proofs corrected, before the Emperor went to Algeria, and that now they only wait his order for printing off. It is understood that this command may be expected very soon. The English retail booksellers are complaining at the suddenness with which the demand for copies of Vol. I. ceased after the first few days of publication. Never, in the memory of the oldest bookseller, was such an immediate and complete cessation of all demand known. In the case of Macaulay's "England," Tennyson's "Poems," and other very popular books, an immense business was done for the first few days, but some portion of the demand continued for months afterwards, and for a long time both works maintained their places as "leading books." The first volume of the Emperor's *César*, on the contrary, was the rage for three or four days, and then as suddenly all call for the book ceased. Perhaps this was partly owing to the articles and paragraphs which preceded its appearance, and which raised the public expectation to a pitch which is invariably fatal for any long talked-of enterprise.

At the present moment, the novels of Miss Amelia B. Edwards are highly popular in American reading circles. Almost all the newspapers and magazines issued in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia contain advertisements and long notices of her recent works, and in *Harper's Weekly* there appears with each number an instalment of her latest fiction, "Half a Million of Money." They are creating more excitement than Miss Braddon's novels.

We find that a change has taken place in the firm of Messrs. Longman & Co., consequent upon the retirement of Mr. Green. The health of that gentleman for a long time has been declining, and at the recent death of Mr. Roberts, another partner, it was decided by the heads of the firm to admit two of the oldest assistants in the house—Mr. Thomas Reader, who for many years has subscribed for the firm, estimating the quantities of all new books they might want, and Mr. Robert Dyer, the well-known country traveller for the house. Both these gentlemen have been upwards of thirty years in the employ of the firm. In future, the style of the firm will be Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer. The house has been established since 1720. In the present monthly part of the *Bookseller*, there is a history of the firm from its foundation, when one Thomas Longman married the daughter of John Osborn, then one of the most considerable booksellers of London, to the present time.

The story recently told in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a gentleman parading Rotten-row with a ladies' hair "cob," which he had picked up and stuck at the end of his stick, was given a month ago in a New York comic journal under the title of "The Latest Hair Restorer."

An extraordinary literary discovery is announced by Mr. Reuter through the medium of his "Express." It appears that the famous Will, or Political Testament, long believed to be Peter the Great's, and containing a plan for the subjugation of Europe, and the partition of Poland, is not genuine. Peter the Great really did leave a political testament, but its contents are diametrically opposite to those of the document long looked upon as the true will. The discoverer gives some very curious particulars of both the true and false wills, and we shall probably hear more about them.

The poet Longfellow has a new poem in the press, which will shortly be issued here. For some time past, this gentleman has produced two volumes to our Laureate's one.

The sporting mania, which has been so greatly on the increase during the past ten years, is about to evoke another sheet to cater for subscribers amongst the supporters and readers of *Bell's Life*, the *Sporting Life*, and the half-score of other serials devoted to the "fancy." The title is to be *The Sportsman*, a name which many of our readers must have seen in large letters on the metropolitan omnibuses during the week. So great is the demand for the *Sporting Life*—amongst "certain classes" of society—that at the recent trial concerning its ownership facts came out which showed that the property produced not far from £20,000 profit per annum.

A collected edition of the writings of the late Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., the well-known orator and Unitarian preacher, is announced for publication in twelve octavo volumes.

Mr. TRÜBNER's useful *Oriental Record* informs us that Mr. R. W. Emerson is engaged in editing a volume of Henry D. Thoreau's Letters, which cannot fail to be well worth reading. The *American Monthly* for June has a brief paper upon Emerson, which contains the following extraordinary passage:—"Ralph Waldo is death, and an entire stud of pale horses on flowery expressions and japonicadownish flubdubs. . . . He has a penchant as strong as cheap

boarding-house butter for mystification," &c. In American journalism the "highfalutin'" is at the present moment in the ascendant.

It is stated that Captain Carr, of the Madras Native Infantry, will shortly publish a collection of Telugu Proverbs, with English Translation and Explanatory Notes, and a few Sanskrit Proverbs. A Dravidian Dictionary is also spoken of as in preparation by a Dr. Pope, of Ootacamund.

We have more than once in these columns noticed the partiality of Americans for genealogical inquiries and heraldic pursuits. One of the most recent developments of this taste is the issuing of private printed family histories, after the fashion of noble and wealthy families here. Within a short time, we have had Histories of the Winthrop Family, the Kilbourns, the Dudleys, the Montgomerys, and a dozen others; and now the "Pratt Family" finds a chronicler in the Rev. F. W. Chapman, A.M., of Hartford, Connecticut.

It is said that both the Horse Guards and the Admiralty have ordered the use of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" in the devotional exercises of the two services.

"Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works, 450 pages, in Roxburgh binding, and printed from a new and handsome type, price 2s. 6d." Such is the first announcement of the new firm of ROUTLEDGE & SONS, from which Mr. Warne has seceded, to commence an independent publishing business on his own account. The book is certainly the cheapest edition of Longfellow's poems ever published. Uniform with the "Globe" Shakespeare, in similar type, on similar paper, and printed at the same house—Messrs. Clay & Son—this enterprising firm announces "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in 750 pages, price 3s. 6d. We are not certain that the "Globe" Shakespeare was the best model that could have been selected. It is undoubtedly a handsome volume, very correct and handy; but the type no ordinary person can read with pleasure, and therefore it is very doubtful if this or any similar books will ever become popular as books for use: for the table or bookshelf they will do admirably.

The Publishers of the *Art Journal*, Messrs. VIRTUE BROTHERS, have been appointed wholesale agents to the new *Shilling Magazine*, the circulation of which, we understand, is rapidly increasing.

Some clever articles on "Accommodation" and "Borrowing," which have appeared from time to time in Dickens's *All the Year Round*, are about to be issued in a collected form under the title of "The Bubbles of Finance," by a City Man. Amongst City men and in financial circles, the articles in question attracted very considerable attention.

The anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation was celebrated on Wednesday evening by a public dinner at the London Tavern. The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided, and many of the publishers, printers, and paper-makers were present. It appears there are eighty pensioners receiving the bounty of the Corporation.

Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS promise immediately a new edition of "Men of the Time," edited by Edward Walford; a new novel by James Grant, author of "The Romance of War," in 3 vols.; a new and handsomely printed edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," with plates by J. Gilbert; Routledge's "Book of Trades," fully illustrated; "A New Story for Boys," by W. H. Kingston; "Our Workshop, or Lessons in Carpentry and Joinery;" a cheap edition of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's last novel, "A Strange Story;" "Ernie Elton, the Lazy Boy," with illustrations; "A New Poetry Book for Schools;" a new edition, with plates, of "Percy's Reliques of English Poetry;" a new tale by Hans C. Andersen, entitled "What the Moon saw," with 100 illustrations by the Brothers Dalziel; a new edition of "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," in quarto, with plates (for next Christmas); a new and cheaper edition of "The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets;" "Easy Poetry for Children," with numerous illustrations; "Routledge's British Spelling Book," said to be the cheapest spelling book ever published, &c.

Mr. WARNE, along with Mr. Duret (late with Messrs. Dalziel Brothers), and Mr. Dodd (recently the country traveller for Messrs. Routledge), will issue, under the style of FREDERICK WARNE & Co., all the works published by Mr. S. O. Beeton. New editions of "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," "The Manual of Dates," "British Rural Sports," Walsh's "Domestic Medicine," "The Farmer's Calendar," Nuttall's "Standard Pronouncing Dictionary," Calmet's "Bible Dictionary," Bowman's "Poetry from the Best Authors," Lear's "Book of Nonsense," "Poets of the Nineteenth Century," fully illustrated, Karr's "Tour Round my Garden," "The Milestones of Life," Miss Mitford's "Tales and Stories," and "How we are Governed," by Albany Fonblanque, "The Boys of the Bible," "The Female Characters of Holy Writ," and other works, are in preparation.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD & SONS announce some important works—amongst others, the third and concluding volume of Captain Sherard Osbourne's works, entitled "A Cruise in Japanese Waters;" "Quedah; or, Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters;" "The Fight on the Peiho in 1859;" a "Dictionary of British-Indian Dates," being a Compendium of all the Dates essential to the study of the History of British Rule in India, legal, historical, and biographical—intended for students about to be examined for service in India; "Fragments from the Early History of Tain," by the Rev. William Taylor, A.M.; "Sermons and Lectures," by the late Rev. John Park, D.D., Minister of St. Andrew's; "Etonians, Ancient and Modern," originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*; "The History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688," by John Hill Burton; "The Operations of War explained and illustrated," by Colonel E. B. Hamley, R.A.; "The Handy Horse-book; or, Practical Instructions on Riding, Driving, and the general care and management of Horses," by a Cavalry Officer; and the "Iliad" of Homer, translated into English verse in the Spenserian stanza, by Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—uniform with the same translator's "Odyssey."

Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER will shortly issue "The Sixth Work, or the Prisoner Visited," by Mrs. Meredith, author of "The Lacemakers;" a new story for the working classes, by Mrs. Ellis, entitled "Share and Share Alike;" and "Childhood in India, by the Wife of an Officer late in H.M.'s service."